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CHRONICLE.

THE QUEEN. HER MAJESTY'S visit to Derby, to lay the foundation stone of a new infirmary, on Thursday, was carried out successfully enough, the weather being apparently a little less bad than elsewhere.

The House of Commons, after all, did not get its extended Whitsun holiday. A superfluity of naughtiness took possession of the Anti-Parnellites on Friday week. Mr. SEXTON had the audacity to propose that a new clause of his own should have the same privilege as that extended by common consent to Mr. BALFOUR's, much time was wasted over Clauses 18 and 19, and finally the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved and carried, against an absurd counter-proposition from Mr. SEXTON, that the House should adjourn to Thursday only. This greatly disturbed the sanative soul of Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, who wanted to drive the devil of influenza out of the House by the good old plan of fumigation, and feared lack of time.

No very great assembly gathered on Thursday to learn from Mr. PLUNKET details of the patent influenza cures which had been applied to the movables and immovables of their House, and to return with a sigh to the Land Bill. Mr. BALFOUR's new clause was read a second time by 111 to 26 and carried (with an amendment) by 108 to 22.

SPEECHES AND LETTERS. Few speeches, influenza having quieted many throats, marked the holidays; but Mr. PARNELL took his usual exercise at Maryborough on Sunday. Letters, on the other hand, increased; and a man might inform his mind, on a single morning, as to the death of NELSON, the House of Commons as a nest of influenza, science and art as wolf and lamb, opium, rainfall, St. ELIZABETH of Hungary and the verb *nudare*, the ridiculous conduct of the Board of Trade in making British railways safe, trout-hatching, Ceylon tea at five-and-twenty guineas a pound, and many other noble and fascinating subjects.—Tuesday, like Monday, was almost speechless, except that Archbishop CROKE, that servant of the LORD, eulogized real "Hillmen" (that is to say, persons prepared to take arms against the lawful rulers of their country), and hinted that Mr. PARNELL's hillmen were not the right thing at all. Mr. CONINGSBY DISRAELI published a letter, interesting not merely because of his name, on the miserable shortcomings in organization which so constantly lose Tory seats; Mr. ST. JOHN CORBET communicated to the *Times* a very amusing account of the West of Ireland impression of BALFOUR the Tyrant in the flesh; Sir WILLIAM MOORE pointed out to the opium fanatics that the fiendish character of the drug is, to say the least, not proven (but why expect a fanatic to hear reason? if he could hear reason he would not be a fanatic); Lord EBURY showed that he has learnt nothing of the facts, and forgotten nothing of his own prejudices, about the Church of England in all these years; and Mr. LAIRD CLOWES, with excusable heat, smashed the fourth-hand hearsay of a certain Mr. CAPPER about the death of NELSON. Mr. CAPPER's imprudence was punished yet more decidedly next day by Colonel HENDERSON (nephew of BEATTY, the surgeon) and by Dr. GATTY (son-in-law of SCOTT, the chaplain). But to persons like him the joy of "seeing their names in the paper," no doubt, atones for the circumstances of the appearance.—Lord SPENCER, Mr. STANHOPE, and some others spoke on Wednesday, but the event of that day and the political event of the week was Lord SALISBURY's taking up the freedom of Glasgow, with his speech or speeches on the occasion. He was studiously conciliatory, and has been rewarded, perhaps justly, by his

opponents pluming themselves on his compliments, and saying, "Ah, how differently the Tories would have behaved 'if we had been in office!'" And, perhaps, they would. For in that case the Tories would probably have been face to face with, among other things, Egypt and Newfoundland abandoned altogether to France, Portugal estated in the whole breadth of Africa, and a German sphere touching the Nile.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL AFFAIRS. The Manipur papers were at last issued on Friday, or rather Saturday last. They cannot be discussed in detail here; but we must say that they do not remove one iota of blame from Mr. QUINTON, and that they put some on the Indian Government. They were reported as being sharply discussed in Calcutta, where there had been also a native riot. But the Miranzai expedition was said to have completed its task. On Wednesday morning the British journalist had (and took) an opportunity of exhibiting his close acquaintance with his business by mistaking the SENAPUTTY, reported as captured in a Manipur telegram, for the author of those harms. But our SENAPUTTY is known in Manipur as the JUBRAJ.—The Portuguese Government resigned, as was expected, on Friday week; but it was not supposed that this resignation would affect the new Anglo-Portuguese agreement.—Telegrams of this day week contained the following simple statement:—"The greater part of the Jewish community at Corfu will be able to emigrate to Turkey, where they will find better protection." Turcophobes, Russophiles, Philhellenes, advocates of the resignation of the Ionian Islands, and consumers of flapdoodle generally, please note.—Important Orders in Council, relating to various points in British South Africa, especially Nyassaland, were issued on Saturday last.—The usual holiday dulness of Whit Monday—a dulness increased by detestable weather—was enlivened by very little news of any kind. The most "palpitating" place in the world appeared to be Acapulco, where the *Charleston* and the *Esmeralda* were reported as spoiling for a fight. The Americans were cheered by the omen of a superiority in force very similar to that which obtained them their few triumphs in the war of 1812. But on Wednesday morning there came from the West sorrowful hints that the expected conflict between the *Charleston* and the *Esmeralda* was but too likely to share the fate of that between Mr. HARRY FOKER and the postboy. Americans, to whom nothing is sacred, themselves suggested that the whole thing was a Jingo dodge, and the Chilian Opposition Congress, which has money and does things handsomely, is willing, it seems, to restore the *Itata* and say pretty things to the affronted Marshal. So the United States navy will not be able to show what, receiving a thousand tons and a gun or six, it is able to do with an adversary.—Tuesday contributed to the tale a little more gossip about Chilian fighting, some interesting particulars about Mr. CECIL RHODES's indignation at the audacious proposal by his friends the Boers of a trek into his preserves, a most tragical history of a French scientist who went out on a mission to exterminate locusts in Algeria, and was instead exterminated by them (this, the best history of the kind that we remember since the fate of the chaplain of the garrison, cruelly commemorated by SYDNEY SMITH, was unluckily contradicted later), and a most comical one of an attempt to deport Queen NATALIE out of Serbia, which failed at first. If the Serbian authorities had communicated with that ardent friend of Serbia and humanity, Mr. PHILIP STANHOPE, he could have told them of a recent English case, proving that, whether "ce que femme veut Dieu le veut" or not, the carrying of a lady to a place where she would not be is, to the last degree, difficult and dangerous. The attempt was, however, renewed with better success.

and Queen NATALIE, improving on a great original, is reported as having reached Semlin in a high state of indignation and an elegant white dressing-gown, with her hair down according to the correctest traditions of stage and story. There has been considerable rioting in Belgrade on the subject, and, on the whole, we can only tender our very sincere condolences to the Servian Regents. A King who is a minor, an ex-King who is a sort of ideal *vastagouère*, and an ex-Queen who is an equally ideal termagant and brimstone, are sufficient punishment for the misdeeds even of Balkan politicians.—The Jesuits have been expressing their opinion of the Freemasons in Madagascar; if the Freemasons were to reply in the same style, we fear that only a classical commentator or a strong "Purity" advocate would have stomach to read the document.—Gossip has been very busy during the week with the recent attack on the CZAREWITCH in Japan. The financial arrangements of Spain and Portugal have attracted much attention both inside and outside the Peninsula, and the Belgian strikes have for the time ceased; but in the greater Continental countries little of interest has happened.

The Education Craze.

The Whitsuntide holidays have been diversified by an agreeable fancy, an Anti-Competitive Examination Breakfast, presided over, naturally, and indeed necessarily, by Mr. AUBERON HERBERT. But this kind goeth not out by breakfasts; however desirable its going out may be. Oxford men, at least, had better combine for the moment to upset a most mischievous proposition of adding to the present menagerie of their University a quasi-college for Board schoolmasters. You may render University education valueless in this way; you will not render primary education more valuable. Meanwhile, we hear that steps are being taken to establish an extensive and largely-endowed scheme for the preservation of children from all education whatever, except reading and writing. They have our heartiest good wishes.

The Archbishopric of York.

The translation of the Bishop of LICHFIELD to York has received, and justly, the approval which well-willers and ill-willers alike have given to most of Lord SALISBURY's recent ecclesiastical appointments. Although not the equal of his immediate predecessor in intellect or eloquence, Dr. MACLAGAN is a fair preacher, a very sound Churchman, an organizer of great ability and of almost unmatched industry, and a man much more likely to allay than to cause heats of any kind. These are good gifts for any post, and perhaps best of all for an archbishopric.

Sport.

The good batting of Messrs. JARDINE and WILSON enabled Oxford to draw the match with Mr. WEBBE's eleven this day week. The draw was, indeed, much against the University; but its form was slightly improved by the defeat which the Lancashire eleven, previously victorious over Oxford, inflicted on an exceedingly strong Marylebone team on the same day. The cricket of the early part of this week was much interfered with by the abominable weather; but the most important match, that between Surrey and Nottinghamshire, was played without interruption at Nottingham, and resulted in a victory for Surrey by five wickets.—The most interesting thing in the holiday racing of Monday was the winning of the Empress Stakes at Kempton Park by Mr. ROSE's *Bel Demonio*, after a very good race with *Martagon*, who also ran second to Nunthorpe for the last valuable prize at the same place. The Salford Borough Handicap, at Manchester, was won on Wednesday by Mr. LOWTHER's *Workington*.

The miscellaneous intelligence of the early part of the week was almost limited to details of the lamentable failure of the Whit Monday holiday—one of the very unholiest days that ever was devised and carried out, even by an English clerk of the weather.—"PIERRE LOTI's" election to the French Academy on Thursday can hardly be said to strengthen that venerable body much. But the defeat of M. ZOLA was satisfactory enough, and the other candidates were not strong, M. DE BORNIER being a poet more estimable than interesting, and M. FERDINAND FABRE hardly M. VIARD's equal in his own art.—The reformers by breakfast turned their attention on Thursday to Voluntary Taxation, the ever-delightful Mr. AUBERON HERBERT's last panacea. And, indeed, it would be very nice; but has Mr. HERBERT read an agreeable French extravaganza showing what comes of it?

Obituary.

The chief name added to the majority at the end of last week was that of Mr. EDWIN LONG, a painter who, after being for some time neglected, suddenly attained a popularity perhaps as much above his genius as his former repute had been below it.—M. JEAN BRATIANO, the well-known Roumanian politician, was a very old man, and had a very long record. If it did not always seem to Western political students a favourable or patriotic one, it is fair to remember that M. BRATIANO was born in a time when Russia seemed to be a saviour, and the only saviour, to most Christian subjects of the Porte, and when the crucial example of Bulgaria was far in the future.—On Tuesday morning all decent folk were made sorry by reading the news of the death by influenza of Lord EDWARD CAVENTISH, the second son that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE has lost in the public service, and a man of the most sterling, though the most unobtrusive, worth.—The name of Sir PATRICK COLQUHOUN, after a false report which he contradicted some time ago, appears also in the list.—Mr. LARKING, formerly British Consul at Alexandria, had been, during the later years of MEHEMET ALI and the rule of his immediate successors, more thoroughly acquainted with and more influential in Egyptian affairs than any other Englishman.—Captain WARREN's name is known to amateurs of novelty in pots, pipes, lifeboats, lubricants, and all sorts of inventions.—M. J. J. WEISS, who has died at his grand climacteric, was one of those rather fortunate *Normaliens* who, wearying of schoolmastership, took to journalism at the time when all France, while cringing to the Second Empire, applauded sly barks and bites at its heels. There are those who think that the ability of this group, from PRÉVOST-PARADOL and M. WEISS himself downwards, has had at least full justice done to it. But that M. WEISS was a very clever man, and a great master of a certain kind of popular and yet not unscholarly French, there is no doubt whatever. In politics he was somewhat whimsical and unstable, in literary criticism (his first love) both brilliant and sound.—Sir ROBERT FOWLER, whose death is reported as we go to press, was a man of some crotchets, but of a general character so sound and amiable as to attract the respect of all parties.

A fair number of books of interest for the time of year has appeared during the week, the chief being Mrs. OLIPHANT's much-expected

Life of Laurence Oliphant (BLACKWOOD); Admiral COLOMBE's *Naval Warfare* (ALLEN); and Lord HOUGHTON's *Stray Verses* (MURRAY), an agreeable attempt to introduce the hereditary principle into literature.

LORD SALISBURY AT GLASGOW.

LORD SALISBURY'S two speeches at Glasgow on the occasion of his presentation with the freedom of that city have not been received with equal and uniform approval. Probably the speaker expected as much; indeed, it is hardly possible to suppose him unprepared for it. Everybody, to whatever political party he may belong, is eager to hear what the ablest Foreign Minister of this generation has to say on foreign affairs; and when this subject happens to possess the abundant and varied interest which belongs to it just at present, the public appetite for his discourse thereon is keener, of course, than ever. There was plenty, too, to satisfy it in the speech which Lord SALISBURY delivered in returning thanks for the honour conferred upon him at the morning's ceremony in St. Andrews Hall. His highly interesting review of the situation in Eastern and South-Eastern Africa would have been, so to speak, "a meal in itself"; but, with the added regale of the PRIME MINISTER's criticism of the Portuguese difficulty and account of its settlement, the feast was more than amply furnished forth. It was not likely, in short, that there should be two opinions as to the timeliness and other satisfactory qualities of Lord SALISBURY's first speech; it was his reply to the toast of his health at the luncheon following the ceremony which divided opinion. For it was a speech in praise of Home Rule—of course with a difference; and there are those who hold that the praise was in itself imprudent, while others—who are willing enough to "pass it," so far as that goes—are yet inclined to think that the difference was not sufficiently marked.

For our own part, we are not disposed to take either of these two unduly serious views of the PRIME MINISTER's second speech. It appears to us that his aspirations after Home Rule were saved on the side of prudence by their

context, and that even if he had not himself been sufficiently careful to distinguish between the Home Rule that he favours and that which he opposes, his main argument would have quite adequately indicated and emphasized the distinction. It is true that the object which he has in view in pleading for an "extension of local government" is not one which, in our judgment, needs to be aimed at, or could be attained by the policy so advocated; but the limitation of that policy to this specific purpose ought to be quite sufficient to reassure even the most timid and easily scandalized of his followers. Lord SALISBURY sees, as we all see, "an amount of legislation" which could perfectly well be performed by local "bodies locally elected"; and he sees, further, what also is generally visible, that much of the legislation of Parliament is hindered and spoilt by party rivalry, interested, not in the merits of the measure in question, but in the bearing which success or failure in the attempt to pass it may have upon party fortunes. Where we find ourselves unable to follow him in his assumption that the former category of legislation is subsumed under the latter, and that by transferring it from an Imperial to a local legislative body it would be discussed and deliberated upon without the intrusion of party spirit. But is it the fact that any legislative work which is fit to be delegated to a local body is at all seriously marred by the quarrel of factions in the Parliament that now is? And, conversely, is it the fact that any of that very considerable amount of legislative work which is undoubtedly so marred at present could fitly or safely be delegated to local bodies? We seriously doubt it. It appears to us that questions which localities might legitimately decide for themselves—such, for instance, as continually arise on private Bills before Committees in the House of Commons—are even now decided by Parliament on principles substantially the same as those which would be followed by a Town or County Council; namely, with a single eye to the merits of the proposal under consideration, and to its bearing on those public interests which ought solely to be considered in the matter. The questions into which party spirit forces itself are precisely those which would have to be "reserved" from the jurisdiction of any local legislative body whatsoever. The truth is, if we may reveal a secret, the disclosure of which is fatal to so much excellent oratory—Conservative as well as Liberal—the truth is that, in spite of all the talk about devolution, there is mighty little Parliamentary work, and almost none of the kind that occupies much of the time of Parliament, which can properly or safely be delegated to local bodies. Lord SALISBURY casually admitted that all "landlord-hunting" legislation "must in the main be reserved to the great common sense of the nation." But how much so-called local legislation is there which does not raise questions of the rights of property—the landlord's, or another's? And how much of what remains is unconnected with questions of private liberty, and the right of the individual to shape his life otherwise than at the orders of the "odd man"? Is the State prepared to surrender its jurisdiction over this question to local legislative bodies in the name of the despatch of business? Surely obstruction and party-spirit must be combated in some safer and less suicidal way.

THE NEW CHANTREY HORROR.

A SMART little correspondence in the papers has been provoked by the picture which Mr. CALDERON, R.A., has thought fit to paint on a passage in the life of the lady who is best known to Englishmen by the late Mr. KINGSLEY's least happily conceived work. It would be worth reading if only because it contains the delightful effusion of "M," who thinks to dispose of the moral character of CONRAD of Marburg by a quotation from MOSHEIM, which is as if one were to go to BELLARMINE for an absolutely fair estimate of LUTHER. The example set by "M." has for the rest been faithfully followed in scientific and "educational" quarters. The most orthodox authorities have held that when we are told that SIMON PETER "girt his fisher's coat unto him" (for he was naked) we are not to suppose that the Apostle had been fishing all night with nothing on. In the Greek it is said ἦν γὰρ γυμνός, and if Mr. CALDERON will refer to his LIDDELL and SCOTT he will find that γυμνός meant, in common language, lightly clad, in the tunic only. *Nudus*, the Latin equivalent, has the same force. Mr.

CALDERON has done his personal best to make the squabble amusing by his candid production of a passage from *Theodorici Turingi Libri Octo de S. Elizabeth*, as proof positive that the Saint appeared before her director and others literally naked. As the Rev. R. E. CLARKE, S.J. (who may be prejudiced, but must at any rate be a trained man), has told him, such a phrase as "Omnino se exuit et nudavit" by no means necessarily means so much. These or similar words are used of many saints, male and female, who have never been accused of indecent exposure. The exact force of words in mediæval Latin is a subject on which those who know least are the most ready to speak. Of course, if Mr. CALDERON likes to reply that the mania for dispensing with your clothes reappears periodically among people who suffer from the most extreme form of "religious fidgets," and that St. ELIZABETH—"a very pious, but also very fanciful, young woman," who was "weeping one moment, smiling in joy the next, meandering about, capricious, melodious, weak, at the will of devout whim mainly"—was capable of anything, he has a case. Only we have yet to learn that it is the business of a painter to expound historical theories.

For the rest, it does not matter a jot whether ELIZABETH of Hungary did or did not behave after the fashion of the Quakers who made themselves a sign to their generation. She and her director have gone to their appointed place, and he who would understand them well enough to be entitled either to praise or blame must do more than look at a passage from *Theodorici Turingi Libri Octo*. Supposing the scene to have been as Mr. CALDERON paints it, we should still be entitled to ask whether he has chosen his subject with taste, whether he has made a fine picture of it, and whether his canvas should have been bought for the CHANTREY bequest. For our part, we should answer all three questions emphatically in the negative. No man of sense denies that a painter is perfectly entitled to paint the naked figure; but he must paint it because it is beautiful, not because it is undressed. He must not choose subjects in which the chief interest is the presentation of a naked woman where it is indecent for a woman to appear without her clothes. The doing of this sort of thing has been the disgrace of the French school for years, and it has been and is the counterpart of all that is most nauseous and least literary in French literature. We should deplore the intrusion of this vulgarity into English art if only because it must tend to revive the absurd old prejudice against the painting of the naked figure. We will not deny that Mr. CALDERON's subject or another may be atoned for by very great qualities of workmanship, though it does not often happen that the possession of these qualities is found combined with utter want of taste. This is not the place in which to write artistic criticism; but an art-critic would be sadly put to it to point out the qualities of composition, colour, or drawing which compensate for the outrage this picture inflicts on the pious feelings of some and the taste of others. Mr. CALDERON has even shirked the one thing which might have tempted a great painter to take the subject—the difficulty, namely, of painting the expression on the Saint's face, by hiding it partly behind and partly in the shadow of her arm. What you see is the bare model, commonplace and bored, posing for tenpence an hour. It is ignoble to take a scene which is odious, if it falls below being tragic or infinitely pathetic, and to leave out the tragedy and the pathos. Yet this picture has been bought for the CHANTREY bequest—practically for the nation. If it had not been chosen for this honour, little need have been said about a work which would have gone back to the artist's studio and would in due time have been painted over. But when the Academy selects it to be kept as a perpetual monument of the art of our time, a protest should surely be made and the reasons for it be given. We know that the Academicians have not exceeded their legal rights. They may buy out of CHANTREY's bequest any daub they please. When they do, however, they must expect to be told in the most explicit language that they have shown gross bad taste, and when the choice is made, as in this case, of the handiwork of one of their own body, they ought also to be told that they have been guilty in an intelligible, though not a legal, sense of unfaithfulness to their trust. The act must serve to deprive them of yet more of what moral authority other deplorable errors of the same kind have left them.

THE MANIPUR PAPERS.

THE long-delayed Manipur papers contain—and, indeed, could be expected to contain—little that is new, and nothing that is surprising, to those who followed the course of the affair with some knowledge of its antecedents, and with such mother wit as Heaven has given them. The hackneyed brocard "*Tôt ou tard, tout se sait*," might almost bear the gloss that it gets known by tolerably knowing persons much more often soon than late. As we have pointed out before now, if the Government of India had had any pleasant tale to tell it certainly would not have displayed the strange reluctance to part with its information which, as we learn from the Blue-book, extracted from the SECRETARY OF STATE himself, so long ago as April 15, the plaintive question, "Can you not keep me more fully informed as to Manipur affairs?" They could not or they would not; and it is very much all one whether it was unwillingness or inability. Except as to the extent to which the responsibility of the actual luckless conduct of affairs was shared between Mr. QUINTON and his chiefs at Calcutta or Simla, we learn almost nothing new on the positive and affirmative side from these papers, though several very unpleasant positive or affirmative pieces of information are for the first time authoritatively confirmed. One thing that we do learn, though it is on the negative side chiefly, is the baselessness of the extremely unjust and ungenerous attempts made, unofficially and officially, to throw the blame on Mr. GRIMWOOD. It is perfectly clear that Mr. GRIMWOOD was against the attempt to arrest the SENAPUTTY, and if it be true that he advised parleying with the Manipuris at the gate, there is not a vestige of testimony to the effect that he advised the insane course of going further and putting all the responsible heads of the expedition, himself included, out of the support of the Residency garrison and in the power of the enemy. There is some evidence, though it is indistinct and indirect, that Colonel SKENE was against this plan; but we do not yet know how or why he allowed himself to be overruled, or what protest, if any, he made against the strange equipment and the stranger conduct of the expedition. No blame seems to rest on Lieutenant GURDON, who had been an intermediary between Mr. GRIMWOOD and Mr. QUINTON, nor in strictness on any of the subordinate officers. If, indeed, it be true that Captain BOILEAU had nearly three hundred men left, and that his ammunition was not quite exhausted, perhaps something might have been done even then. But to expose the lives of Mrs. GRIMWOOD and of a large number of non-combatants would have been a heavy responsibility, and we do not for a moment blame Captain BOILEAU for not choosing to incur it. It is curious that even now we have no notion, except from conjecture, of the exact plans (if they had any) of Mr. QUINTON and Colonel SKENE on those three fatal days in March. A plain man would have supposed that the thing to do, when it became evident that force would have to be used, was to get hold of the Manipuri guns first, and of the SENAPUTTY afterwards.

Information on three points has been looked forward to with particular interest in these papers: the original instructions to Mr. QUINTON, and his responsibility for the plan of arresting the SENAPUTTY in Durbar; the armament of the force; and the proclamation of the Manipuri leaders. Taking them in reverse order, it may be observed that this last was advised and authorized some six weeks ago (even before Lord Cross plaintively asked to be kept posted), and that the discussion on the subject clearly absolves the Indian authorities, central and local, altogether from the charge of offering blood-money. For in the case of one person, the Tongal General, it is gravely argued *pro* and *con* whether his influence, if brought in, is likely to be great enough to justify the offering of a reward, and whether he will exert it. "I thought," says the adviser, "that he should be included in proclamation, because if brought in he might prove of great use to us." As to the ammunition, though it is still uncertain how much the Snider and Martini confusion had to do with the stinting of supply, it is now proved that the four hundred men of Mr. QUINTON's escort took with them only the forty rounds in their pouches and no reserve whatever. For the scheme of the expedition, it would appear that Mr. QUINTON was at first averse from it, considering the Manipur troubles a mere family matter, interference with which by the Chief Commissioner in person would do some harm and no good. He was, however, partly overruled by

the feeling of the central authorities that, in the new position of the State between India and Burmah, British authority must be maintained, and partly seems to have changed his own mind. But he was expressly charged to take with him such an escort as would make resistance impossible, and he took four hundred men, with no guns, forty rounds of ammunition only, and no provisions. And though he was also expressly warned by Mr. GRIMWOOD that the SENAPUTTY certainly would not "come and be killed," he persisted in expecting him to attend Durbar and be arrested there. There is no evidence that he was either definitely instructed or definitely authorized by his Government to do this; but they did not forbid, nor apparently did they disapprove, the plan. A lively controversy has sprung up, both in India and at home, as to whether this was "treachery." We think the word ill selected. The proceeding, indeed, has something of a Renaissance air about it—a sort of CÆSAR BORGIA in Italy or Lord SUSSEX in Ireland flavour—to which we are not accustomed in England to-day; but it is not, necessarily, the worse for that. We should suggest to the indignant VICEROY and his zealous defenders that what they are really on their defence for is a blunder, not a crime. If Mr. QUINTON had marched his four hundred men into Manipur, had laid the SENAPUTTY by the heels, and taken him to Calcutta or Cape Comorin, well and good. But the mixture of kinds is always bad, and to come in ostentatiously hostile array, and with a prearranged purpose, and then merely to summon the defendant to an apparently deliberative assembly, could at no time be or come to good. It was neither fair means nor foul; it was only foolish.

We observe in some respectable quarters a disposition to assume the gown of the preacher, and to lecture the critics of the Indian Government on the cares and difficulties of that body, on the ease of criticism, on the wickedness of sitting at home and finding fault with those heroes and sages who, on the embattled heights of Simla, in daily pain and peril, insufficiently rewarded at the time and with no prospect of rest or pension, lie abroad for all our goods. We confess to a very little impatience with these good folk. Of course, the Government of India must be supported; of course, the miserable cries—half-partisan, half-ignorant, and wholly disgraceful—of those who assume that an Englishman must always be wrong and a native always right are to be disdained, and, if possible, silenced; of course, every possible latitude must be allowed when it comes to baring that sword by which (in the teeth of fanatics and fools be it once more said) and by which only we rule from Cashmere to Ceylon. When a stroke of policy or of war is well planned and boldly carried out, we will do our utmost to be generous to it if it succeeds and just even if it fails. But when a disaster is positively invited by obvious and palpable blundering; when men exhibit in the bird's sight elaborate preparations for putting salt on the bird's tail, and when he flits away grasp clumsily and vainly after him; when they adventure against an unknown force, even of Manipuris, who are known to have cannon, with forty rounds of small-arm ammunition; when they thrust their heads into the den of not unnaturally provoked victims, and when they thereby bring disgrace on the British name and danger to British interests, are we to say, "O poor men! It was so difficult! Some of them are dead, and the others are very much annoyed. We might have failed too. Let us make it pleasant all round." That is not our conception of the duty of critics, or of publicists, and we are sorry for those whose conception it is. We cannot see that any blame rests upon the Government at home, who were not informed about the matter till all was over, and not very soon or very abundantly then. We think that some blame rests upon the Government of India, but chiefly for the slowness with which they communicated information after the disaster. And we think that, as for other persons, whom it is unnecessary to name, there could scarce have been a worse prepared, a worse planned, and a worse executed enterprise.

NELSON'S LAST WORDS.

MR. SAMUEL JAMES CAPPER was "in the service" of the late ISAAC FLETCHER about thirty years ago. "Mr. FLETCHER knew Admiral SMYTH, who commanded a gun-boat or some small fighting ship—not a bum-boat—at Trafalgar." Admiral SMYTH knew NELSON's Captain HARDY. Mr. CAPPER tells the world, in the *Times*, that

HARDY told SMYTH, who told FLETCHER, who told Mr. CAPPER, that NELSON's last words were entirely concocted by Lady HAMILTON. Mr. LAUGHTON, in the *St. James's Gazette* for May 21, says that the dying words of NELSON occur in a letter written by Dr. SCOTT, NELSON's chaplain, on the day when the *Victory* reached the Nore. They are also vouched for by Dr. BEATTY, the surgeon who attended NELSON. Surely this in itself is a sufficient reply to what Mr. CAPPER says FLETCHER said thirty years ago on the authority of what SMYTH said HARDY said. Colonel FRED. HENDERSON, a son of Mr. BEATTY's niece, possesses Dr. BEATTY's narrative in his own handwriting. It was compiled from memoranda made almost immediately after NELSON's death, and the author seems to have compared notes with HARDY, SCOTT, and others. Before being published, the narrative was read by Captain HARDY twice, and once by THOMAS, Earl NELSON. Neither was likely to admit a falsehood or an interpolation by Lady HAMILTON. According to Mr. CAPPER, NELSON never spoke after he was wounded. Dr. BEATTY, on the other hand, wondered that NELSON "retained the power of articulation so long." SOUTHEY's account is almost a verbatim copy of Dr. BEATTY's. The late Mrs. GATTY was a daughter of Dr. SCOTT, and Dr. GATTY has heard Dr. SCOTT corroborate the story as told by BEATTY. As for Admiral SMYTH, according to Mr. LAIRD CLOWES, he was not commanding any kind of vessel at Trafalgar, but was in the East Indies. Mr. CLOWES shows that the *Gibraltar Chronicle* contained the usual version of NELSON's death, before Lady HAMILTON could possibly have beguiled Dr. SCOTT, Dr. BEATTY, and every one else to accept her "concoction." "This cock-and-bull story," says Mr. CLOWES, not too severely, "is the outcome of some one's senile forgetfulness, or of some one's deliberate misrepresentation." Mr. CAPPER's tale is like the ghost stories, which always date forty years before the time of publication. It is unlucky for Mr. CAPPER that he tells an anecdote of this dubious kind. He cannot think what a poor figure he makes when he tries to destroy an admirable fact by a feeble hypothesis about Lady HAMILTON, produced after nearly a century, on evidence at fourth hand. We know not who has blundered, whether FLETCHER, SMYTH, or Mr. CAPPER, for every one will acquit HARDY. He whom the dying lips of NELSON kissed was no ISCARIOT. He could not have passed for publication a tale which he afterwards styled a concoction of Lady HAMILTON's, but which the irrefutable authority of dates proves to have been published before Lady HAMILTON could have interfered. Nor could HARDY have declared that the narrative which he had passed for publication was a falsehood. There has been time enough for senile decline of memory, and senile mistaking of fancies for facts, to come into play. How or where they come in we know not, but they are not going to deprive even the most credulous unbeliever of one of the noblest scenes in English history. Whatever Lady HAMILTON's errors may have been, the interested invention of NELSON's last appeal for her could not have been in the number. It might be as well not to publish the accounts of such distressing mare's-nests as that which Mr. CAPPER has offered to the world. Very probably there are minute errors in the usual version. The heat and noise of a naval battle, the sorrow, the perturbation, might cause slight differences in the memories of those present. But, where none was interested in making an untrue statement, all statements confirm and corroborate each other. History, perhaps, contains more truth than is usually supposed; while oral tradition at fourth hand is, in Mr. CAPPER's case, decidedly erroneous in detail, and is probably in sum a mere blunder or unconscious invention.

ART AND LABOUR.

THE present is in the most literal sense of the term a questioning age, in which countless fools propound queries which wise men would do well to decline to answer. Mr. GLADSTONE's postcards during a week would fill the correspondence page of the *Family Herald* with matter as varied as that which at present occupies it. There is no foundation for the rumour that he is the correspondence editor of that domestic journal, whose conductors, on the contrary, are said to feel his rivalry somewhat painfully. Mr. GLADSTONE's facility has an injurious consequence. Like pence thrown to a beggar, it encourages applications which extend beyond himself. There is scarcely a person of any notoriety who is not subject to the intrusion of the

epistolary PAUL PRY. The note of the age is the note of interrogation. Can no one be found to deal with the evil in Dr. JOHNSON's energetic fashion? "I will not be put to the question. I will not be baited with *what* and *why*. 'What is this? What is that? Why is a cow's tail long? Why is a fox's tail bushy?' It is a misfortune that there is no social taxing-master who can interfere between interrogatories frivolously and vexatiously delivered, and the answers to them. But it may be that there are people who have a relish for this sort of cross-questioning, to whom it gives at worst a pleasing pain, assuring them that, if they are not famous, they are, at any rate, notorious. The inferior creatures are, we dare say, proud of their parasites, and are complimented by the fleas that bite them.

Usually, however, the question-monger flies at high game. Among his latest victims have been two illustrious artists. It has occurred to some blockhead to ask Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON and Sir JOHN MILLAIS "Whether there is such a thing as genius in art without a thorough apprenticeship?" The question, if it was worth taking any notice of at all, might have been fittingly answered by another:—"Whether there can be an apprenticeship without an apprentice?" and possibly by a third:—"Whether any length of apprenticeship will produce silk purses out of the ears of a certain class of animals?" The question which the correspondent of the two artistic baronets intended to put to them, if he had been able to interpret his own mind, was, Whether natural genius for art can be made productive without serving a long apprenticeship to the business? Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON answers a larger question than was asked him. His reply was a sort of paraphrase of HORACE's "Nil sine magno Vita labore dedit mortalibus," itself probably taken from a copy-slip in use at ORBILIUS's academy for young gentlemen at Rome, and impressed upon the poet's memory by the favourite method of that master. "No thing considerable," says Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, "has ever been done in this world without the bestowal of 'infinite pains,' and, we may, perhaps, add, in reference to the instruction of youth, without the bestowal of a good deal of pain. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON's answer is what we should have expected from him. It is sound pedagogic morality—the sort of thing which should be said to young people, and we congratulate him on the dexterity with which, instead of answering his querist in the spirit of his inquiry, he has improved the occasion for edification. The anxious inquirer has not got much out of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

Sir JOHN MILLAIS descends from the moral elevation of the President, which does not go much beyond the declaration that the industrious, and not the slothful, apprentice—Master GOODCHILD and not Master IDLE—is the boy for his money, and is slightly more specific. "I do not believe," says Sir JOHN, "in what is called genius as 'generally understood.' We regret for once that we cannot in our turn exhibit an interrogatory to Sir JOHN MILLAIS. We should like respectfully to ask him, What is his understanding of genius as generally understood? What is the general understanding in which he does not believe? If he would answer this question, and give us the ground for his disbelief, he would ascertain a general impression which it is very difficult to fix, and make a valuable contribution to psychology. The common idea of genius connects it, we are inclined to think, with a fine madness and an eye rolling in frenzy, and other phenomena of morbid pathology. We obscurely recollect some lines of the late Lord LYTTON's, which informed the world, in antithetic phrases and many capital letters, that 'Talent convinces, Genius but excites; This tasks the Reason, that the Soul delights.' The poet went on to say that 'Talent from sober Judgment took its birth, And reconciled the Pinion to the Earth'—as undesirable an accommodation, we should have thought, as the reconciliation of the fin to the atmosphere, or the foot to the ocean wave—while 'Genius, the Pythian of the Beautiful, Left its great Truths a Riddle to the dull.' If this is Sir JOHN MILLAIS's understanding of genius as generally understood, or as generally not understood, we agree with him in not believing in it. From this negative ground he advances to a more positive assertion. 'Natural aptitude I do believe in; but it is absolutely worthless without intense study and continuous labour.' If for 'absolutely worthless' Sir JOHN had substituted some phrase affirming that it cannot attain its full power without careful study and steady work, there would have been little fault to find with his sentence. But Sir JOHN, too, moralizes. The industrious apprentice must

be kept up to the mark; the idle apprentice must be made to feel ashamed of himself. The gospel of work is no doubt, in its way, a very good gospel; but the gospel of relaxation, which Mr. HERBERT SPENCER is disposed to preach in qualification of it—the gospel of cakes and ale and of the hotness of ginger in the mouth—has its share of wisdom also.

No one, we suppose, would now contend with JOHNSON that genius is general capacity determined by circumstances into a particular direction, or would contend that only accident prevented CHATHAM from being a great poet, NEWTON a great general, or BURNS a great statesman. Even less would any one assert that everybody would be equal to anybody if he only took equal trouble. Mr. CARLYLE, it is true, has said that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, which is little more than a translation of BUFFON's "*Le génie n'est autre chose qu'une grande aptitude à la patience.*" Whatever truth there is in these paradoxes amounts, we imagine, to this—that the apparently intuitive perceptions and rapidity of combination which constitute genius, whether in action or speculation, in scientific discovery, or inventive art, or imaginative creation, open out so many new problems and ideas as to involve in their adjustment and development the most arduous labour and the most unwearied patience. But without the primal perception the labour will be vanity and the patience akin to despair. Perhaps it is important to keep in mind that labour without the appropriate capacity is even more fruitless than aptitude without industry. The amount of misspent pains and wasted patience involves a loss of happiness and energy, greater perhaps than that due to undisciplined and fitfully exercised capacity.

THE R. N. A. V.

WE cannot compliment the Admiralty on the Report of its Committee on Naval Reserves. The measure of good sense which nature has grudgingly conferred on that body may be judged of from these extraordinary words which it has put into what was presumably meant for a serious business paper:—"They" (the egregious Committee) "have read that several Naval Volunteer Corps have existed, going back even to the days of EDWARD the Confessor, and that none succeeded, but gave way from time to time to a compulsory system." What on earth or sea have the times of EDWARD the Confessor to do with the Naval Reserves of the year 1891? If this kind of straggling historical observation is to be allowed in reports of Service Committees, we shall probably next have an Army Committee making casual observations on holding by the hauberk or tenure by grand serjeantry. Again one would like to know what the Committee had in its mind when it noted that Volunteer Corps have from time to time been replaced by a compulsory system. Was it casting a longing, lingering look behind it at the pressgang? For our part, we are under the impression that the whole of HER MAJESTY'S forces, naval and military, are at present raised by volunteering, and we see no prospect that this system will be changed for a long time. If the Committeemen have persuaded themselves that volunteering would be an insufficient resource in war-time, they have come to a conclusion which is more or less quietly shared by a good many others. But we imagine that they were not asked to decide so large a question. That they should have wandered so far from their last does not speak well for the sense with which they have done their work.

The document as a whole does not serve to remove the impression produced by such loose talk. The Report, as far as it is published, deals with the small but respectable corps known as the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers. The Committee propose that it should be disbanded and re-organized as Marine Artillery Volunteers; in other words, that it should be turned from a body of amateur blue-jackets into one of amateur marines. It would have been quite as practical and more straightforward to suggest at once that it should be abolished altogether. The R. N. A. V. consists of spirited young men—many of whom, by the way, are quite as useful in a boat as the average man-of-warman in these days of steam-launches—who have joined the corps because they like to dress as bluejackets, and have a certain inclination towards the sea. It may be said that this is foolish; but that criticism applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the whole Volunteer

body, military as well as naval. The Committee bases its verdict on three reasons—first, that the corps is very small; second, that its members are not bound to go out of the British seas; and third, that, not being trained sailors, they would be useless if shipped as bluejackets. As for the first reason, the Admiralty made its giant first, and then ran away from him. The corps would be larger if it had been encouraged. The second has some force; for it must be allowed that men who could legally refuse to be taken beyond Cape Finisterre might well be more trouble than they were worth on board a cruiser under conceivable circumstances. Yet there will be plenty of work to be done on the coast at home in a war, if it is only at the signalling stations, and the R. N. A. V. might be set to do it. As for the third reason, it surprises us to find it in a Report by gentlemen who have pushed their researches into the history of the navy to the back of the Norman Conquest. Such authorities ought surely to know that, in the days of masts and sails, when seamanship and "ropemanship" were far more important than they are now, a large part of the crew of every man-of-war was composed of "landsmen" over and above the marines. The reason is, in fact, no reason at all. The decision of the Committee can only be accounted for by the natural dislike of the professional man for amateurs, and the mania which every now and then seizes the Admiralty and War Office for doing a little chopping and changing by way of showing that they are alive to the needs of the age. The professional feeling is very natural; but Admiral TAYNOR's predecessors down to the Crimean War had to put it in their pockets in times of stress, and so will he and his colleagues if those times return. To the Admiralty we should suggest the wisdom of letting it alone. The R. N. A. V. is a small body, and nobody thinks of it as a mainstay of the country; but it costs very little (about 6,000*l.*), it does no harm, and in war it is particularly true that every little helps. Surely the Admiralty has more important things to do than to spend time over a transmogrification of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, by which some will be offended, and it is far from certain that anybody will be pleased.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECT.

AFTER an unusually brief, but in the circumstances a not unduly abbreviated, Whitsuntide recess the House of Commons has met again for the concluding period of the Session. It would be vain to deny that the prospects of public business show more unfavourably to-day than seemed at all likely when Parliament reassembled after the Christmas holidays, and, undoubtedly, far more so than when it met to hear the Speech from the Throne in November of last year. Complaint, nevertheless, of the situation in which Ministers and Parliament now find themselves would be inconsiderate, or, if considered, unreasonable. It is true that the Land Purchase Bill has been unconscionably obstructed through the greater part of its Parliamentary course, and that it ought long ere this to have got through Committee. It is even true that until about a fortnight ago its position and that of Supply as affected by its slow progress was such as to afford legitimate ground for the doubt whether Ministers could possibly succeed in winding up the business, financial and legislative, of the year without prolonging a Session which began in the early winter of last year into the late autumn of this. And, lastly, it is true that, although the "resolute riding" of the Government during the last week before the Whitsun recess was singularly successful in bringing the Bill "through its horses"—if that, indeed, be the correct zoological description of the opponents who have resorted to every dodge of fouling and jostling to compass its defeat—they have failed to get it as well up as was hoped, and at one time looked probable, before the adjournment. Yet, all these admissions made, it still remains the fact that, if the original Ministerial programme had been adhered to, the position of the Land Purchase Bill, and of public business generally, would at this moment be satisfactory enough. The failure to dispose of the new clauses on the notice paper, with the exception of Mr. BALFOUR's, before the House rose, was no doubt something worse than a disappointment. It was to some extent a triumph for these ingenious tactics by which the Irish members have learnt of late to refine upon the coarser forms of obstruction, and in the command of which Mr. SEXTON, who "led" on the

last night before the recess, has undoubtedly excelled all his competitors. Nor was it more than a very slight consolation to note the disconcerting effect of these masterly manoeuvres on Mr. SHAW LEFEBVRE and those other Gladstonian allies of Mr. SEXTON's who evidently did not share his heroic readiness to pay for the privilege of prolonging debate by the penalty of a shortened holiday. Still, the gain of the Obstructionists and the loss of the Government were both of them, perhaps, of less importance than they looked. The first two sittings after an adjournment are often, thanks to the thinness of the House and the absence of the rustivating bore, more fruitful of progress by a good deal than the last two sittings before a recess; and there seemed good reason to hope that the antedating of the re-assembly of the House from Monday the 25th to Thursday the 21st would more than compensate for the failure to dispose of the new clauses on the eve of the adjournment.

Anyhow, and at the worst, the loss is not likely to exceed a week. Mr. BALFOUR's new clause was discussed and disposed of on Thursday night; and, allowing the utmost latitude of debate on the rest of the contents of the notice paper, the Land Purchase Bill ought to be through its final stages in the House of Commons by next Friday at latest. Thereupon, according to the plan of Parliamentary work which Ministers were understood to have originally mapped out for themselves, there would have remained two clear months wherein to dispose of the minor legislative engagements of the Government, and to vote the remainder of the Supplies for the year. This, although it is true that for the word "remainder" we might with equal accuracy substitute the word "bulk," would surely have been an ample allowance; and a moderately skilful manipulation of the arrangements of public business would then have made it possible for Parliament to be prorogued in the first week of August with no contemptible record of accomplished work to its credit. If, therefore, the outlook at present before the Government and the House is less hopeful than this—if it is, on the contrary, one of a distinctly discouraging kind—the cause must obviously be sought in that very serious enlargement of the legislative designs of Ministers which was first notified to the country in the financial statement of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. That the prospects of public business are, in fact, distinctly discouraging is a point which it would be quite unnecessary to labour. The proof of it is too plain on the face of the existing situation for any but the blindest optimism to dispute it. Presumptive evidence of the most cogent character is in this case confirmed by experience of the most recent and impressive kind. The history of last Session suffices of itself to show that it is not prudent to "spring" contentious legislative proposals on the House of Commons as part of the provisions of a Budget, introduced, as Budgets must be, when the Session has already run a third of its normal course. And if this is true of a contentious proposal like that of last year, which was, after all, only a challenge to the revival of an ancient controversy, by how much the stronger reason must it be true of a proposal which constitutes the first step in an entirely new and an eminently debatable policy—a policy essentially obnoxious to Conservative criticism in its principle, and likely enough to abound in openings for Radical attack in matters of detail. Nor does even this exhaust the force of the *à fortiori* argument deducible from the experience of last year. For it must be remembered that, although this year, as last, the announcement of the "contentious proposal" contemplated by the Government was made on the introduction of the Budget, the attempt to obtain Parliamentary assent to it has been postponed to a later date in 1891 than was the case, if we remember rightly, with the Licensing Clauses of the Local Taxation Bill in 1890. The Government, as matters stand, will be left with something less than nine weeks in which to pass their Free Education Bill, and to obtain the outstanding votes in Supply, to say nothing of the completion of their minor legislative engagements. Sanguine, indeed, must be the calculator who regards the time at their disposal as equal to their needs. It would hardly be so even if all parties in the House were to co-operate loyally with Ministers in the endeavour to push their business through, and no one, of course, is visionary enough to cherish any such expectation as this. Obstruction has in all cases to be reckoned with, and Obstruction in this case will find little difficulty in adapting itself to any arrangement of public business on which Ministers may ultimately decide. If they elect to take Supply first, the elastic discussion on that

most elastic of subjects will in all probability be stretched—as, with Mr. COURTNEY in the Chair, it easily can be—to such a length as to put the passing of the Free Education Bill beyond the range of hope. If, on the other hand, the Government decide to give the Bill precedence, the debate which it will provoke, both on the second reading and in Committee, can be—and in this instance it must be owned with an exceptional amount of decency, and even plausibility—prolonged, till Ministers find themselves compelled, by the peremptory calls of Supply, to lay it aside.

This, moreover, is a forecast which unfortunately does not depend for its probability on any assumption as to the scope or character of the measure which Government proposes to submit to Parliament for the abolition of Elementary School fees. For aught we know, its clauses may still possess only a molecular existence in the brain of the Government draftsman—though Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE certainly did speak of it as though it at least existed on paper—or, if already drafted, it may be as susceptible, as even more important measures historically proved to be, of extensive and expeditious modification, not to say complete and instantaneous metamorphosis. On this matter nothing is certainly known, though much is confidently asserted. In some quarters we are told that the Bill will be, before all things, "thorough"; in others that its main merit will be that of an adroit and unassailable compromise. There are those who are in a position to assure us that it will be a complex and comprehensive measure; yet there lack not others who know for a fact that it will be as "short and simple" as the "annals of the poor" whom it is to relieve at the expense of people who are in many instances at least as poor as they. Doubts have been even hinted as to whether education is to be "freed" by it, as Mr. GOSCHEN's choice of words appears to indicate, or only "assisted," as would seem to be implied in the phrase for which Lord SALISBURY has expressed his preference; although on the latter hypothesis it is obvious to remark that elementary education is being "assisted" already, through the action of the Guardians, for all those who can show the genuine claim of poverty to assistance, and that a mere extension of this system would hardly require the appropriation of a couple of millions of Imperial revenue. It is unnecessary, however, to discuss any of these speculations; because it is quite plain that, if the Ministerial measure really proposes to "free" elementary education, it will find itself in conflict with Conservative principle on that ground, while if to this it were to add a surrender of the interests of the Voluntary Schools (which, however, cannot possibly be safeguarded without letting loose Radical attack upon the measure), its failure would be assured. Large or small, "thorough" or a compromise, it is confronted by this dilemma, and the mere fact of such confrontation presages acute and prolonged controversy—and that in the month of July!

THE LOCUST HOAX.

AMONG *morts bizarres* we might certainly include the death of M. KUNCKEL D'HERCULAIS, if the story of his death had been true. M. KUNCKEL is a naturalist, and the report was that he had perished from the too great abundance of specimens. He was smothered by the density of a cloud of locusts in South Algeria. This exceeds what we have learned concerning the wealth of insect life in the reign of MENEPTAH, King of Egypt. It is not said that the Egyptians were "smooored" by locusts. Since "a mammoth poem died, fouled to death by butterflies," there would have been no more remarkable decease than that of M. KUNCKEL D'HERCULAIS. Swarms of bats have very nearly destroyed human life in novels about caves and pyramids, but the intrepid adventurers have hitherto escaped. To breathe locust, see nothing but locust, feel locust, and so perish, as one that beats the air, would be indeed a wonderful scientific martyrdom. The position of the sportsman assaulted by bass and other fish, and illustrated in *Scribner's Magazine* for May, would be comparatively a gallant struggle waged in daylight. M. D'HERCULAIS among the locusts would have perished, as AIAS feared to do, in the most noisome night. We might as soon expect Mr. HALFORD to succumb to a cloud of May flies, or "RED SPINNER" to go down to Hades under a persecution of iron blues. For the comfort of naturalists, we are glad to learn that the story is a hoax. The Irish lakes will soon have a margin of dead green drakes; but these, while they

live, will choke no anglers. A train was once reported to have been stopped by butterflies in America; but the legend was probably but another example of the entomological hoax. Nature owes naturalists many a grudge, but commonly avenges herself less sensationally by aid of mosquitoes, midges, and an occasional alligator, buffalo, or rattlesnake. Something she has also achieved by aid of rats, very different antagonists from locusts. The exact place where the humour of the hoax comes in is unapparent. The friends of M. KUNCKEL D'HERCULAIS may have suffered anxiety. If he did not blench before locusts, they might argue, he must yet have been in some considerable peril. Probably he will soon return with his butterfly-net, unharmed, and bringing his slain with him, impaled on pins, like an Assyrian conqueror.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

THE forthcoming Encyclical on the Labour Question, about which there has been some stir in the papers, in these days will doubtless be wholesome reading. The very full details which have somehow or other found their way into the French and English press may be taken, having due regard to signs which even the moderately experienced understand, to be substantially authentic. From them at least we learn that LEO XIII. is to speak to employers and employed alike, as becomes the first among Bishops—a title which we believe may be given him without incurring the penalties of a *præmunire*. He tells them "not to strive one against another, but to live in harmony by the fulfilment of their mutual duties of justice." To the State also the POPE speaks as he should speak, calling upon it "to intervene whenever it has to fulfil its duty of protecting the common welfare and the rights of parties." He ends "with words of earnest exhortation to all who are interested in the Labour question, so that each one may determine to fulfil readily and without delay the duty which lies upon him." Incidentally the POPE says that the Church has at all times protected the poor and taught the excellence of charity—wherein also he says what he ought to have said. It is to be feared that the world will be contented, like the Northern Farmer, with noting the fact. Unfortunately we differ so radically as to what our mutual duties of justice are. When the poor have so many persuasive teachers who tell them, not that they are proper objects of charity, but that, with due management, they may become rich, their ears can hardly be attuned to the POPE's exhortation to "a friendly and even brotherly union." Before LEO XIII. can get a fair hearing he must induce the world to again listen to the teaching of the Church, which is precisely what the countries which still officially recognize him are daily less disposed to do. Until that condition is fulfilled, the POPE is much in the position of Mr. CARLYLE's mistaken friend who expounded the excellence of lungs to a listener who had no air.

If the POPE will look at the accounts of the reception given to Mr. J. H. WILSON on his exit from prison, even he must feel that his words are too likely to be wasted. WILSON was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for collecting a noisy and threatening mob opposite the house of a lodging-keeper, who had dared to give board and bed to workmen who were competing with WILSON's Union. The punishment does not appear severe for the offence of molesting a man in the pursuit of his lawful business. It has, however, been represented as a cruel oppression, and that not only by the common ranters of the Union, but by Sir CHARLES DILKE. That WILSON's own friends should have given him "a friendly lead" was only the natural thing. It was not, however, quite a matter of course to be told that Sir CHARLES DILKE "characterizes the sentence as a very heavy one, and said that there were two lessons to be drawn from the case. The first was, that the right of public meeting must be jealously preserved against the undefined offence of unlawful assembly; and the second was that, in the interest of all classes, it was necessary to sweep away all those vestiges of property qualifications with respect to the jury system and other matters." The meeting to which Sir CHARLES DILKE addressed the words of which this is a very condensed report voted that WILSON's "unjust imprisonment" and his trial amounted "to a grave attempt to impair the people's right of free assembly." One of the parties, then, to whom the POPE speaks are told by their favourite

teachers that it is one of the "rights of the people," which is represented by any casual knot of rioters, to compel obedience to its orders by threats. Employers, lodging-house keepers, or workmen who do not choose to obey a Union are not the "people," but enemies to be threatened or coerced. They may be a large majority, but that does not matter. The Unions are the people, and it is an interference with their rights to send them to prison for collecting howling mobs opposite the house of any one they wish to bully. We see no prospects of, and, in fact, entertain no wish for, a friendly union, and still less a brotherly one, with the teachers, or the taught, in such a party as this. They are not very terrible enemies, and have, indeed, of late been rather sharply corrected, if not by the law, at least by rivals whom they have been unwise enough to provoke. But, though they are contemptible enough, they are mischievous, and are able to embitter trade quarrels. There is little prospect that they will cease to be capable of doing harm as long as they are foiled to the top of their bent, not only by their own ranters, but by politicians who aspire to play a serious part.

OF LANDING-NETS.

ANGLERS will hear with tempered enthusiasm that a new landing-net has been invented. The impossibility of doing either with or without a landing-net reminds the learned of what the Roman sage remarked about wives. With no landing-net, how are you to secure a fish, either where the banks are steep and grassy, or where you have to wade far out from the beach? The first problem occurs in Test, and most southern streams; the second in large waters like Tweed and Eden. In the former case you bring your trout to submission; but how are you to lay hands on him? The moral victory is yours. You have beguiled and dominated a subtle and spirited opponent. But the base world refuses to credit the triumph unless you have the trout to show. Generally you bring him to the edge of the bank, and then try, very gingerly, to lift him by the gut. Then he gives a plunge, the hook leaves its hold, and off he goes. The plan of leading him into a ditch, and walking half a mile to the head of the ditch, where he may be stranded, is tedious and undignified. In wading far out from the beach, it is laborious and unsafe to wade all the way back; but it is very difficult to grip a trout in midstream. Northern anglers, therefore, use landing-nets nearly half as long as the rod, which they carry in the left hand, a weariness to the flesh, though a staff and comfort in wading. The Southern has invented many dodges. There are telescope net-handles, which should shoot out to the requisite length if everything goes well. There are nets with hinges and springs, which rust, and refuse at critical moments to open or shut. Then the machine has to be carried suspended to something, and when you most need its aid you cannot unhitch it. There you stand, the rod in one hand, and fighting for dear life with your landing-net. Or the wretched thing gets unhitched when not wanted, and falls on the long grass, which you do not discover till you most need its assistance. A landing-net is always in the way when not wanted, and out of the way when most in demand. The new one "is suspended from the shoulder by the web-band" of the creel; but a creel is as great a burden as a landing-net, and is usually empty. Here are the plain simple directions for use, from the *Fishing Gazette*:—"Catch hold of the handle with your left hand, pulling it up at right angles to you, with the net held closely between the left arm and body; then, with thumb and forefinger (still using the left hand), undo the catch, thus (*whus!*); pull, turn, and push, and it is free." Verily this does not read like an easy task for a nervous man, flustered by that rare event, the hooking of a large trout. Perhaps the best plan, after all, is the Northern one of carrying a simple landing-net in the hand. Or let us lose the trout when we have established our moral superiority, and discard *impedimenta*.

THE GERMAN DUEL.

THE words of an Emperor do not usually fall to the ground, and that is why, as a rule, this limited class of persons are very careful what they say. There are, how-

ever, exceptions, and the present ruler of Germany is one of them. He is not the man to measure his expressions, and has a visible pleasure—which has been felt by other HOHENZOLLERNS—in coming out with strong things. Sometimes he sets all Europe asking what he means, as when, for instance, he figures in the character of "War Lord." At others he stirs up Germany by remarks, which it is found necessary to edit, on the number and personality of the masters of that country. His last feat has been to disturb certain thoughtful persons in England by observations on the best known features of German student-life—the beer-drinking matches and the schläger duels. The EMPEROR approves of them, and in his eloquent way told the students at Bonn that they gave a direction to life. At the first blush one does not see what direction a beer-match could give any man except towards a tavern. But the EMPEROR's meaning is clear enough. He wanted, in the first place, to please his student hearers, so he praised their favourite pursuits. With the same intention, but in his wicked, ironical way, the late Earl of BEACONSFIELD—a sneering person of no real earnestness—praised the Royal Academy for its imagination. The German EMPEROR was not speaking sarcastic. His student subjects do drink beer and fight schläger duels. The *Fliegende Blätter* is full of patched students full of beer. Besides, the EMPEROR has his own reasons for approving of customs which train Germans to belong to a corps and to obey orders. So he was not unwise in belauding the "bier commers" in which German youth learns to swill at the word of command. Earnest persons think it a beastly practice; but if they were let loose in Germany, what would become of that decidedly artificial structure, the German Empire?

His laudation of the duel has shocked critics of this stamp severely. A gentleman who writes himself down with proud humility "BEMOSTES HAUPT" has observed in the *Times* that duelling, being an illegal practice, ought not to be praised by the fountain of law and honour. He wants to know whether the EMPEROR received his own "life direction" from such practices. To which it may be answered that the House of HOHENZOLLERN has its individual and peculiar beer commers and schläger duels. Moreover, "BEMOSTES HAUPT" strikes us as being much the sort of person who, if he had been an Englishman, would have written to the papers to complain of the compulsory cricket at public schools. The German schläger duel is, after all, a kind of cricket good enough for foreigners, who naturally do not object to nasty messes. The duellists are told off by an authority; and a German is nothing unless an order is given him, or he has a routine to carry out. They have gaggles, and are padded from the chin to the knees. The right arm is covered with chain-mail, over which are divers folds of silk. The fencer stands in a most constrained position, with his right elbow above his head, and his hand in the position of the parry of prime. Then they flick at one another over the arm, and guard with the arm. Their weapon is a species of harlequin's sword of steel, very sharp at the end. Its wounds are clean cuts, which cause little real damage, unless they cut off the nose or the upper lip, which are awkward hurts. Of course a considerable amount of blood is shed, and it makes a mess; but the Germans do not object to that. So much depends on the point of view. It is only the other day that a very superior Frenchman actually used these words:—"Leur insipide cricket." What are you to do with a person who calls cricket insipid? The best course is to take warning by him, and not speak evil of a practice which is not ours, but another's. We do not think cricket insipid, perhaps because we know more about it. The Germans do not think schläger duels nasty; and, since one should be modest, let us allow that it is for a similar reason. After all, the practice is theirs, and not ours. They are in their own house, and masters of it. Let them do as they please. "BEMOSTES HAUPT" thinks that the practice is chiefly valued by ruling persons because it tends to form "Kanonen-futter." Well, if there had not been food for powder in Germany there would be no German Empire. These things being thus, a humane person would be rejoiced to hear of Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL's German friend who thought the duel had "etwas Schönes" about it. If he thinks it beautiful, to him it is beautiful. By all means let all men stand up for their own doxies. Withal, too, it is something to be capable of mastering a difficult athletic exercise, to learn to face steel, and to take wounds given in a not necessarily hostile bout with a smile. We practise these

virtues in a better way; but, then, we are in all respects superior to foreigners, which is a reason why we should be courteous to them, making all allowances, and should abstain from condescension.

"ROUGH PLAY" AND GENTLE MAGISTRATES.

A STUDY of the decisions of certain London magistrates in assault cases suggests the possibility of inventing a new and interesting "parlour game" for the winter evenings. The players at this game, instead of being supplied with an idiotic "question" and a rhymeless "noun," and desired each to compose within a reasonable time in that behalf a couple of neat and epigrammatic stanzas replying to the question and containing the noun, would simply be furnished with the report of the evidence given in a more or less aggravated assault case, to which each would then append a "sentence" of his own—conjectural awarding—the prize going of course to that competitor who was most successful in divining the workings of the magisterial mind. Thus, for instance:—"A ship's steward and a cab-driver were charged with assault under circumstances thus detailed by the prosecutor. He was walking along Piccadilly, and when opposite Albany Place attempted to pass through a group of four or five men who stood together. No sooner had he done so than the men began to hustle him, and one of them knocked his hat off. As he stooped to pick it up, he received a violent blow on the eye, and, having neither stick nor umbrella with him, he was unable to defend himself. Two policemen emerged from a cab-rank and seized two of the men. One of them was identified by one of these witnesses as the man who struck the prosecutor, and the other as being among the group that hustled him. There was no defence, and the prisoners were convicted. Question.—What punishment did the worthy magistrate inflict?" This case, which is taken from the report of the proceedings at Marlborough Street on Monday last, would "play" excellently well. Most of the answers to the question would, no doubt, vary between "a month's and a week's imprisonment with hard labour"; and as, no doubt, all of them would be in terms of "imprisonment without the option of a fine," this round of the game would notably end in a draw and nobody would take the pool. It is only a very lucky player or a very shrewd and experienced student of individual character on the magisterial Bench who could possibly guess the right answer, which is that the worse offender of the two was fined 40s. and the other a pound.

If, however, it were desired to make the game still more difficult by making the worthy magistrate's decision still more surprising, this could often be done by giving the worthy magistrate's reasons. Thus, in the case above referred to, the prosecutor, Major C. E. CRESSWELL, was asked by Mr. HANNAY whether there was any attempt at robbery, to which he very naturally replied that the constables "came up too quickly to allow of that." Upon this Mr. HANNAY remarked that there was not sufficient evidence to indicate that any robbery was attempted; and proceeded to deal with the case as one of assault pure and simple—though also, as at least the pure and simple outsider would have supposed, of peculiarly wanton and brutal assault. And the worthy magistrate then defined and punished the offence in the words and figures following:—"It was rough play upon a peaceable citizen, which, he was sorry to say, was very common in the streets. . . . He ordered FOLEY to pay a fine of 40s. and ROLFE half that amount." These words are admirably calculated to throw the guesser off the scent of the decision—and, indeed, to lead him astray in more directions than one. The assault on Major CRESSWELL was "play," but it was "rough" play; and, conversely, although rough play, it was still play. Then, again, it is "very common," which might imply that it was venial, if not laudable; yet this cannot be Mr. HANNAY's opinion of it, or he would not have been "sorry" to bear testimony to its frequency. Hence the sentence remains delightfully doubtful till the last. FOLEY in his "rough play" had struck Major CRESSWELL in the eye. Would Mr. HANNAY punish the player for his "roughness," or forgive him for his playfulness? And if he punished the player at all, would he punish him lightly because that form of play was "very common in the streets," or heavily because he is "sorry to say" that it is so common? Amid these perplexing questions we arrive at the actual

sentence, and are left to conclude that, though Mr. HANNAY is sorry that street play should take the form of brutal assault on "peaceable citizens," he is not sorry enough for it to take the only effectual means of discouraging the game. And this is a state of the emotions and an attitude of the will of which he can hardly expect the peaceable citizen to approve.

THE CREWS OF THE OLD NAVY.

THE Naval Exhibition shows much; but there is that which it cannot show, and which yet we should like to see. It cannot bring back the hero whom Dickens somewhere called "Nobody"—the nameless men before the mast whose deaths are recorded in round figures. If the Committee could have reconstructed a crew as nearly even as they have reproduced the hull of the *Victory*, that would have been a feat, but supposing it to have been done fairly, and without beautifying, the spectacle would surprise, and somewhat disenchant, the visitor. To do it fairly the Committee should have chosen, not a crack frigate commanded by a popular officer with a good reputation for luck in prize-taking, but one of the ordinary vessels, liners or less, which did the bulk of the heavy work of the old wars. If the date chosen had been well on in any of our naval wars, and certainly if it had been taken in the midst of the last and greatest, the figures of wax or wood—which we suppose to be properly ticketed—would tell a curious tale. It would be startling to see how many foreigners there were, how many landmen, how many boys (they could be indicated by size also), how many queta-men, and state-the-case-men. Here would come in the necessity for exposition; for, profound as is our respect for the public's knowledge, we doubt if there are many who know what a quota-man or a state-the-case-man was. As there may be even readers of the *Saturday Review* who do not know, we shall explain. The quota-men, then, were those whom each county of the United Kingdom was called upon at one period in the old war to supply for the fleet. Of course they all came from the Cave of Adullam, and were, in fact, the scamps of every neighbourhood, tempted by high bounties. Their character is sufficiently well indicated by the fact that Parker, who headed the mutiny at the Nore, was a quota-man from Perth. There is a portrait of him, and a mask of his face, in the Exhibition—the portrait of a sly, mean, attorneyish-looking fellow. The state-the-case-man is more complicated. As the press gang swept all fish into its net, a great many were seized who were, or believed themselves to be, exempted. They were for ever appealing to the Admiralty for release, and the department kept writing to the captains about them. For convenience, these letters were marked outside "State the case." Hence the expression a state-the-case-man, as applied to the poor forced complaining creatures, of whom every captain would have been delighted to get rid, if only he could have kept his complement up without them. Of such material our crews were largely formed in the most triumphant times; for the navy was not popular with the real sailors, and least of all with the best. Although the A.B.'s, the prime men who were the real nerve of a crew, were only supposed to form a third of the complement, they contributed more to the list of deserters than the ordinary seamen, landmen, boys, and marines put together. Every ship carried a proportion of landmen, who were not expected to do real sailor's work. This perversity of the A.B.'s was a sore grievance to officers. Admiral Cunningham, who was captain of the frigate *Clyde* during the Mutiny at the Nore, and wrote an account of it, was very severe on them. He thought that they were as happy as mortal sailor could expect to be. But the A.B.'s were of another way of thinking.

This wrongheadedness of theirs, too, was an old story—as old as the seventeenth century—and, in spite of Admiral Cunningham, was thoroughly intelligible. It was a question of pay, both in amount and manner. As far back as the reign of William III., a certain Captain Saint-Lo put the whole thing into a nutshell. The wages of A.B.'s were then 23s. a month for a month of twenty-eight days, which is 25s. a month on the year. This rate of pay remained unchanged, in spite of the fall in the value of money, till the Mutiny at Spithead scared Parliament into greater, but still very measured, liberality. Now in Captain Saint-Lo's time the average wages of a good man in the merchant service during war were 50s. and 60s. a month. In the eighteenth century they were known to go as high as 4l. The men who manned the coal ships in the North Sea earned as much as 6l., 7l., or 8l. the run. Here was a contrast which the A.B. naturally perpended. But what had equal, or even greater, weight with him was the reflection that, whereas a man in the merchant service was sure of his money at the end of the voyage, the man-of-war's man could never know when he would be paid. Admiral Cunningham quoted as one of the blessings of the sailors that the Admiralty had done all human wisdom could do to see that each man got exactly his right amount; but, unluckily, it was precisely the fatherly care of "My Lords" which constituted the grievance. The rule was that the men got their wages in a lump when their ship was paid off. It was given, not in hard coin on board, but in pay-tickets, which had to be presented at an office, and were only cashed when all the red-tape had been duly complied with. As a ship's

commission in war-time might last four years, we can easily imagine what this might mean for a man who had been pressed out of a home-coming merchant-ship at the beginning of hostilities, and also what it meant for his wretched wife and family. But even this was not all. It frequently happened, when there was great need to keep fleets at sea, that when a ship was "paid off" and her crew had received their "tickets," they were bodily turned over to a fresh ship, with their paper-money in their hands, and sent off on another four years' cruise. Admiral Ekins, who wrote after the great war when something had been done for the men, says that he heard of a case of one who had served fourteen years without touching a penny of actual pay. This he gives as mere report; but he adds that, to his own knowledge, men often served nine years without the receipt of wages. After that one understands what Nelson meant when he said that his heart was with the men who mutinied at Spithead. After all, their main demands were that their pay should be raised above the figure fixed in Charles II.'s time, when money was worth twice what it was in 1797, and that they should be paid whenever a ship returned to England—which assuredly were moderate requests. The practical results of the old system were horrible. For one thing, as the men had to buy their clothes, they were actually reduced to nakedness and rags for want of money. When a crew were turned over in the style described above, the Jews, by race or occupation, were allowed on board. To them the sailors sold their tickets at the price they were likely to get in a forced market. On these occasions a certain latitude was allowed by the humanity of officers. Liquor was winked at, and the "wives" of the sailors were allowed on board. The scenes which followed on the mess decks may, in the good old phrase, "be better imagined than described." But it was not only by the "Jews," and on board, that the unfortunate sailor was pillaged. A certain William Hodges, who in 1695 made a pathetic representation of their grievances to Parliament, draws a dreadful picture of the misery inflicted on the whole class by the monstrous system on which they were paid. Hodges does not measure his language, and was plainly one of those good men in whom zeal for justice has eaten up moderation; but his statements are too substantially in agreement with probability to be rejected. From him we learn that when the sailors' tickets were sent home to their families to be cashed, the poor women were compelled to come up to the pay office for their money, even from Scotland, and then if they were ignorant of the forms to be complied with, or a "Q" (query) was put against any name, which he declares was often done on frivolous pretexts, they were put off, and had their journey for nothing. Of course they sold the tickets to traders, who made a business of speculating in them. Hodges takes great credit to himself for having bought large quantities at the very moderate discount of half-a-crown in the pound. It is probable that, allowing for all risks—stoppage of deserters' wages and Government delays—he did not make much profit. Still, his boast shows that a sailor's family was thought lucky if it only lost 12½ per cent. on his wages. Hodges may be believed when he says that in one small precinct of London he found a thousand, besides children, belonging to seamen's families in absolute destitution.

There must have been, below the thick-skinned brutal selfishness of the governing class, a great fund of loyalty and discipline in England in the eighteenth century; otherwise all this would not have been endured for over a century by armed men, who again and again had the country, apparently at least, at their mercy. It is noteworthy that it was mainly against this that the fleet mutinied at Spithead. The Nore business was the work of political agitators—quota-men, themselves supported by quota-men. Little was said of the cat, which, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière not obscurely hints, is a proof of the coarseness of Englishmen. It may, we venture to think, be taken as evidence that the cat was never the grievance it has been called. Admiral Cunningham asserts that the good men considered it a protection against the bad. The grievance of the pay, and the inhumanly long detention on shipboard, explains why the real seamen, who knew how valuable they were to the merchant-skipper, avoided the navy as much as they could. It is said by Admiral Ekins that, when Captain Manley Dixon was commissioning a ship for the Mediterranean, his crew was made up by men turned over from a ship which had just come home. A body of them came to him to represent that they had not been ashore for nine years, and to ask that, if he could, the captain would give them a run. Manley Dixon gave them his promise that he would, and kept it; nor had he any cause to regret his humanity. Captains of this stamp did much to alleviate the hardship of the system, but it sufficiently explains the straits to which we were driven to get good men. They were, indeed, extreme. Prisoners of war, smugglers, debtors, boys, old men, convicts, anything that could stand on two legs, all were taken. When Manley Dixon himself laid the *Lion* across the bows of the *Guillaume Tell* outside of Malta, he was not only short-handed, but the large majority of his crew were boys—which explains why he did not allow himself to be boarded by the Frenchman, who had some two thousand seasoned fighters on board. There is an absolutely comic story told of Sir Home Popham, who was going on a foreign station as Admiral in 1812 or 1813. He complained to the Admiralty that his crew were mere boys. In reply he was told that his books showed that he had received his due proportion of A.B.'s—which is, by the way, a pleasing illustration of the trustworthiness of official papers. Sir Home Popham was not

to be fobbed off in this style. He weighed his crew, and found that they averaged under jockey-weight. Then the Admiralty did scrape together a hundred grown men for him. A crew of boys with a stiffening of seasoned seamen was not unpopular with captains, for it was active and amenable to discipline. The convicts were another story, yet even with them something could be done. It is said by Admiral Ekins that one captain received a batch of fifty at once. He called them aft, and made them a pregnant speech. He said that he knew their record, but was resolved to consider them as men of fair character, subject to this one proviso—if any of them misbehaved, he was to be punished twice as severely as another man. It was noted that the convicts generally behaved particularly well, and no doubt came back reformed characters. Perhaps it may be said that this is not only a disenchanting picture, but that it starts the question how, with such materials, we contrived to do so well? To this question several answers may be made. The human animal, even when he is a quota-man, state-the-case-man, convict, or kidnapped foreigner, is indefinitely improvable by discipline, particularly when it can be promptly and efficaciously enforced by the cat. Our discipline was good, and the cat was not, as a rule, abused; such officers as Pigot and Corbet being, in spite of foolish talk to the contrary, the exception and not the rule. Then there was always a proportion of men who preferred the order of the navy, and its life of adventure, to the pay of the merchant service. These seasoned the lump. Then there was the captain, with his harsh standard of efficiency and his nearly absolute power, to keep everybody up to the mark. This brings us to the explanation of explanations, which may be given in Defoe's admirable words, that "good officers presently make a good army." We had an admirable cadre of officers, and under them a good body of warrant officers. They, with a proportion of really fine seamen, and the steady corps of marines, supplied a mould so strong and so admirably built that a great deal of inferior material could be run into it without too much risk.

PARIS PICTURES.

THE dissension among French artists two years ago which brought about the formation of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, though in many respects lamentable, has not been entirely without good results. The new Society in the Champ de Mars is to be congratulated on the high standard which this year's exhibition presents. It will certainly be remarkable if it succeeds in maintaining this standard for the future; for it must bear in mind that as yet *le jury*, or hanging Committee, has not been hampered by any dead weight, inasmuch as the seceders seem to have left most of the work which was superannuated, along with much that was no doubt respectable, in the Champs Elysées. The large space at its command might have tempted the Committee to extend too large a hospitality to the numerous applicants for fame to be found in Paris; but any such temptation has been, on the whole, pretty sternly resisted. A double row throughout the four long galleries has been found sufficient for the accommodation of all the pictures, which are, moreover, well spaced out. Added to this, a boundless generosity has been displayed in the decoration and appointment of the rooms, tending greatly to the comfort and convenience of the public. The exhibition, considered as a whole, may be said to be especially interesting from the reactionary spirit, in favour of Flemish, Dutch, and even Italian schools, which is to be found at every turn. At the same time, one is here and there reminded that certain French artists show a disposition to repay our theft of "poisoned honey."

Facing the entrance to the first gallery are two decorative panels—"La Poterie" and "La Céramique"—by the President, M. Puvis de Chavannes; while his "L'Été," a large canvas destined for the Hôtel de Ville, occupies the whole wall space at the far end of the same room. These three pictures possess all his peculiarities of drawing and charm of composition. M. Puvis de Chavannes has been likened to Mr. Burne-Jones; but there is a relationship rather than a resemblance. Each has a strong affinity to the early Italians, each has a distinctive convention of drawing all his own, and the decorative element predominates in the work of both. Mr. Burne-Jones, however, is the finer colourist. The pale tones of the French artist become monotonous on canvas, and, as his great work in the Panthéon testifies, he is a master of fresco, and more at home in that medium than in oil. His work in oils always resembles fresco. The marvellous atmosphere which pervades all his pictures, and the backgrounds, when he allows himself some luxury of colour, compensate for all defects. But his disciples have imitated his chalk-like hues with exaggerated fidelity. M. Karbowski's pictures, for instance, show that the influence of "Chavannisme" (we use the word without evil intent) may be a dangerous one. M. Alfred Stevens, on the other hand, is above all things a colourist. There is nothing emotional in "Le Papillon," a charming experiment in the chords of mauve and puce; or in "La Dame Jaune," one of the most delightful little pictures in the exhibition. His "Ophelia," however, has not been so happily inspired; the artist has unwisely strayed into illustration. M. Boldini's portraits, near at hand, are very powerful, and his drawing is above suspicion; but the perspective in one of them is very strained.

In the second gallery is to be found an interesting portrait of M. Prévost, the *maitre d'armes*, by M. Henri Gervex, and further on the landscapes of M. Billotte, who worthily sustains the traditions of Corot and the great Romanticist painters. M. Cazin, inferior to M. Billotte in some respects, has greater idiosyncrasy. M. Errazuriz sends some admirable impressions of English scenery. More pictorial or illustrative landscapes are the clever Spanish scenes of Montenard, the Roman sketches of Dumoulin, and the wonderful Eastern studies of Dinot. M. Sisley has been much influenced by Claude Monet, whose art, like Mr. Whistler's, should be studied and not imitated. In this connexion mention must be made of M. Besnard's violet-coloured "Nuées de Soir," a small perfect picture. His Annunciation is a *naïve* and original rendering of a subject where originality is as welcome as unexpected. The work of M. Carrière must excite at once the envy and despair of the photographer. With consummate skill he shades or brings into relief the neutral colour to which he confines himself. Apart from these subjects his portraits of Alphonse Daudet and Paul Verlaine would provoke comment. M. Ribot has shaken off the influence of Ribera and the Spanish school, so apparent in his pictures at the Luxembourg, and leans towards the master of the Netherlands. His progress is very marked; but his Mignonnette shows the tendency of a manner to degenerate into a trick. It might be a cleverly executed forgery of an old master. Again, M. Roth instantly recalls Holbein. M. Hodler's "La Nuit" might be an early attempt of Signorelli's to depict the nude. M. Picard's "Ligeia" is of great power and strange fascination. M. Béraud's "La Madeleine chez le Pharisien" belongs to a very different class of work. It is certain to attract that sort of attention which in England has been accorded to the didactic work of Mr. Frith. Christ is represented at the table of a Pharisee of modern Paris with a Magdalen of to-day kneeling at his feet. The artist should have had the courage of his conception and represented the figure of the Christ in harmony with its surroundings. The conventional garments and aureole, which were, no doubt, preserved with a view to refining the treatment, only vulgarize it. The quality of mawkish sentiment which mars so much of Josef Israels's work is absent from his "Préparatif pour le Dîner." Mr. Whistler, who is missed in English exhibitions this year, has sent a portrait and a most delightful harmony in green and opal, set in one of those frames such as only their inventor has surpassed. Mr. Sargent's magnificent portrait of a boy will hold its own with any picture in the exhibition, though the numerous gorgeous portraits which so admirably represent the art of his master, Carolus Duran, throw this single canvas a little into the shade. In M. Gounod, the musician, and his brother artist, M. Billotte, M. Carolus Duran has found subjects worthy of his style. They are at least equal to his portrait of Pasteur, which was exhibited at the Academy three years ago. His fine ladies, too, if less interesting, are not less wonderful. You feel that the artist is, in a sense, the historian of his own time. He has above all living portrait-painters the power of selection; his art is dramatic rather than analytic, he has preserved the type of the woman of fashion of his time. Before leaving the portraits, we must not forget to mention M. Meunier's distinguished portrait of M. Coquelin Cadet as Diaforius in the *Malade Imaginaire*, while M. Blanche's portrait of Mr. George Moore and M. Desboutin's of M. Joséphin Péladan have some merit. Meissonier's last work, "La Barricade," shows that the deceased artist retained his vigour to the last.

The small galleries accommodate the water-colours, pastels, etchings, and designs in black and white. In the large square vestibule the "Arts and Crafts" are set out. The French are less successful in the art of decoration than ourselves when they depart from their old conventions of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. They are trying to forget a good tradition, whereas we are trying to find one. The stained glass and friezes are in deplorable taste. The sculpture, if small in quantity, is of good quality. M. Rodin's bust of Puvis de Chavannes, however, is the only work of remarkable merit.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Spanish Cortes is discussing a Bill which is exciting much interest in all the moneyed centres of Europe as well as at home. Professedly it is a proposal to enable the Bank of Spain to increase its note issue, but really it is a measure intended to allow that institution to lend more largely to the Government. At the present time the Bank of Spain is authorized to issue notes to the amount of 30 millions sterling, provided it keeps as a security for these notes 25 per cent. of the amount in circulation in coin and bullion. The new Bill proposes to authorize the Bank to double its issue, but requires it to increase the amount of bullion from one-quarter to one-third of the amount of notes in circulation, and further proposes to authorize the Bank to increase indefinitely its issue, on condition that it keeps in coin and bullion half the excess of notes above 60 millions sterling. Public opinion in Spain seems to be strongly adverse to the measure, and no wonder; for at the present time the Bank has lent to the Government very nearly the whole 30 millions sterling which it is authorized to issue, and doubtless, if the Bill passes, the first result will be a large increase in the debt due from the Government to the Bank. Now, every intelligent

Spaniard must see that increased facilities for borrowing will, before very long, inevitably land the Government in bankruptcy. For years the revenue has not equalled the expenditure. The Government may justly enough plead, no doubt, that Carlism in the north and Republicanism in the south make it impossible to reduce the expenses materially; but, on the other hand, it may equally truly be objected that the fiscal system of Spain is one of the worst in Europe, and that the revenue might be considerably augmented if that system were remodelled, and the unwise prohibitory tariff were greatly reduced. However, the fact is that year after year ends with a large deficit. During the last six years the deficits have averaged nearly three millions sterling per annum, and there is no reasonable prospect of their very materially decreasing. The total debt of Spain—internal, external, and unfunded—is not far short of 300 millions sterling, involving an annual charge of nearly 11½ millions sterling. But the revenue in the present year is estimated at only about 32½ millions sterling. Therefore, the annual charge for the debt considerably exceeds one-third of the total revenue. It is evident that, if the system of perpetual borrowing goes on, the time cannot be far distant when Spain once more will have to make a compromise with her creditors. It is not very long since she made such a compromise, pledging herself to avoid running up the floating debt and borrowing abroad; but she has never kept her promises, and the debt has been growing at an alarming rate. The total exports of Spain do not greatly exceed 30 millions sterling a year. The exports, our readers will recollect, constitute the surplus production of every country; they are that portion of the produce which the people do not consume at home, but send abroad to be exchanged for other articles. Now we have already stated that the annual charge for the debt is not very much short of 11½ millions sterling; therefore, the annual charge for the debt considerably exceeds one-third of the total surplus production of Spain. It is obvious that that charge is out of all proportion to the real wealth of the country, and that if proper measures are not taken there is only too much ground for the fears that are entertained respecting the solvency of the country. As yet Spain has not borrowed too much. She has, no doubt, great natural resources; and in spite of misgovernment, of one of the worst fiscal systems in Europe, and of the lethargy of the people, her wealth has been growing lately. The people, too, have more faith than they formerly had in the solvency of their own Government, and there is no doubt that Spanish capitalists have been investing in Spanish bonds much more largely than they used. It is estimated by some that the whole of the internal debt is held at home, and a very large part also of the external debt. How far the estimate is well founded, we will not take upon ourselves to say; but there is no doubt that a much greater part of the Spanish debt is now held at home than formerly was. Therefore, the charge for the debt is not as heavy as at first sight it appears, because what is taken in the shape of taxes by the Government to pay interest on the debt is merely transferred from the taxpayers to the fundholders. Yet it is true at the same time that a very large part of the debt is held abroad, and that the drain to meet the interest will be exceedingly heavy. Spain is unable to borrow, as she has been borrowing for years past, and it seems safe to predict that she will not be able to borrow in the immediate future as freely as she has in the recent past. The breakdown in South America and in Portugal, the distrust that exists in London, Paris, and Berlin, the fears that have been excited of Spanish solvency, all make it reasonably certain that it will not be easy to float a Spanish loan in the early future. Therefore, if Spain is to keep faith with her creditors, she must find at home the means of paying the interest upon her foreign debt, and the drain therefore will become very heavy.

The money market since Wednesday has become decidedly easier. There is a hope now that the Russian Government will not take as much gold as was apprehended lately, and that the receipts from abroad will be so large that the Bank of England will be able to strengthen itself very materially. During the week ended Wednesday night the net receipts of the Bank amounted to 995,000*l.* On Wednesday there was exported from the United States 850,000*l.* in gold, and 300,000*l.* more have been ordered for shipment. During the past three weeks the shipments from New York have averaged nearly a million and a half sterling per week. At the same time there is a good deal of the metal coming from Lisbon, Berlin, South America, South Africa, and Australia. The question, of course, is, will the Bank of England be able to retain all the gold that arrives? That clearly will depend upon whether rates are well maintained in London or not. If the Directors of the Bank of England take measures to make the rate effective, they will probably be able to keep possession of the gold. But the joint-stock and private banks as well as the discount-houses seem now to be of the opinion that all danger in the market is past, and that they may compete for bills pretty freely. On Wednesday the tendency of rates was decidedly downwards. It would be unfortunate if the market were to jump to the conclusion that all danger is over, and that they may compete freely. And whatever is necessary ought to be done to stop unwise competition. For, after all, nobody knows how much gold the Russian Government may take, and at any moment the exports from New York may cease, while it is reasonably certain that in a month or two gold will begin to return to New York.

The financial difficulties of Portugal and Spain have created a demand for silver; especially there is a good Portuguese demand, and it seems probable that, if the Bill introduced in the Spanish Cortes is passed, Spain will require a considerable amount of silver by-and-bye. At the present time the Bank of Spain holds of coin and bullion about 11¼ millions, only one-third of which is silver. The new Bill proposes to authorize the bank to issue 60 millions sterling of notes on condition that it keeps one-third of the amount in coin and bullion—half in gold and half in silver. If the Bill passes, and if the note circulation is largely increased, it seems certain, therefore, that Spain will require a considerable amount of silver. And the Argentine Government, too, as soon as its credit is good enough to borrow, will probably begin to buy silver. But, in spite of the prospect of a better demand for these three countries, the market remains weak. The speculators in the United States find it difficult to carry on their operations in face of the large gold shipments, and the Indian demand has been unusually small this year; the price, therefore, fell on Thursday to 44½*d.* per ounce.

Since Wednesday there has been a favourable change in the feeling of the City. Early in the week apprehension continued; but the mid-monthly settlements on the Continent passed over so smoothly that people now are hopeful that the reports circulated were exaggerated, and that there may not be such serious difficulties at the end of the month as have been hitherto apprehended. The large gold receipts, too, encourage operators to hope that rates will give way, and that money by-and-bye will be not only plentiful, but cheaper than seemed probable a week ago. And there is a very strong impression at both sides of the Atlantic that as soon as the gold exports from New York cease there will be a revival of speculation in America, that this will raise prices, and that the revival in America will strengthen the European markets. Whether the new hopes are well founded depends partly upon the action of the Russian Government, and partly upon the ability of the Bank of England to strengthen itself sufficiently. If the Russian Government does not take from London more than 3 millions sterling, the money market will probably become easier by-and-bye, and the autumn will be less anxious than seemed likely lately. For, as stated above, the amount of gold on the way to this country is now so large that it is reasonable to expect the Bank of England will be able to strengthen itself very materially. If the money market is not disturbed, then the great financial houses here and upon the Continent may be able to tide over their present difficulties. But long-continued disturbance in the money market would gravely increase their embarrassments, and the embarrassments might become too great if there were to be political disturbance in Portugal or Spain. In spite of rumours this week that a revolutionary movement is imminent in Portugal, the market for international securities, with the exception of Portuguese, has recovered; and the expulsion of Queen Natalie has scarcely attracted any attention. People are persuaded, rightly or wrongly, that, whatever happens in the Balkan Peninsula, the Great Powers will not go to war.

The rains this week give rise to the hope that the hay, grass, and green crops will turn out better than seemed possible lately; but the general impression still is that, whatever happens now, the wheat harvest will be bad throughout Western Europe. But the wheat harvest is of very much less importance to this country than the root crops, grass, and hay; and, if we have enough of rain, with a higher temperature, cattle-farming may not prove as unprofitable as seemed likely of late. In the United States the prospects of the grain crops are as good as ever. And, although the McKinley tariff must have an injurious effect upon the foreign trade of the United States, still there is ground for hope that a very abundant harvest with good prices will enable the Americans to buy tolerably largely from Europe.

The railway traffic returns are very satisfactory. Those of last week, of course, have benefited from the holiday, and, as they do not compare with Whitsuntide week of last year, they look better than they really are. But, even comparing them with the corresponding Whitsuntide week of last year, they are very good; especially the traffic returns of the Midland Company are highly gratifying. Judging by the railway returns, trade at home has not suffered to any serious extent from the crisis through which we have passed.

The changes in prices this week are much slighter than last week, there being a pause on the part of speculators, who are waiting to see how the Continental settlements at the end of the month will pass off. Portuguese bonds, however, continued to depreciate; after rallying for awhile they closed on Thursday evening at 40½, being a fall of 2½ compared with the preceding Thursday. French Rentes closed at 91½, a fall for the week of ½. On the other hand, Spanish have recovered 1, compared with the Thursday of last week; the closing price on Thursday evening last being 70½. There has also been a recovery in Argentine bonds, those of 1886 closing on Thursday at 67½, being an advance compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 2. The Four and a Half per Cents closed on Thursday evening at 48½, an advance of ½. The National Cédulas gained 1, those of the A and B series closing on Thursday evening at 19½, and those of the E series at 18. The Buenos Ayres Six per Cents of 1882, on the other hand, closed at 37, a fall of ½ compared with the preceding Thursday; but there was a slight recovery in the Provincial Cédulas of Buenos Ayres. Chilean bonds closed at 80-83, a fall of 1;

and the reader will note that the quotation is very wide, indicating that dealers are unwilling to buy, and that consequently it would be difficult to get rid of any large amount of stock. Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents of '88 closed at 72, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday; but there was a recovery of $\frac{1}{2}$ in the Four per Cents of 1889, which closed on Thursday evening at 67 $\frac{1}{2}$. With the exception of Central Argentine stock, which shows a recovery of 3 for the week, closing on Thursday at 67-70, Argentine Railway stocks continue to depreciate. It will be recollected that the Central Argentine has fallen within two years from about 220, and now that it is under 70 it is natural that it should be bought by speculative investors. But it will be noticed that the quotation continues wide yet. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed on Thursday evening at 95-98, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 4, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 135-138, a fall of as much as 7. In the American Railroad market the changes, as compared with the closing quotation of Thursday of the previous week, are less than at first would be expected; for, after a heavy fall until a few days ago there has recently been a sharp recovery. Atchison shares closed on Thursday evening at 31 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and Louisville and Nashville closed at 77 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. The decline, however, in good dividend-paying stocks has been greater than in the more speculative—or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that the recovery has not been so quick. Illinois Central shares closed on Thursday evening at 100, showing a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1, and New York Central shares closed at 102 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. With the exception of Midland stock, Home Railways have nearly all declined further. The Midland Railway traffic returns have for a long time past been exceedingly satisfactory, and they are especially good for last week, which accounts for the exception. The stock closed on Thursday at 150 $\frac{1}{2}$, being a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday; but both Great Eastern and North-Eastern show a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; the former closed on Thursday evening at 92, and the latter at 158 $\frac{1}{2}$. Great Western shows a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, the closing quotation having been 153 $\frac{1}{2}$. South-Eastern A closed on Thursday at 90, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and Brighton A, though it fell so heavily last week, has fallen since 1, the closing quotation on Thursday evening having been 142. Great Northern Deferred fell 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, closing at 73-74. On the other hand, there is a recovery of as much as $\frac{3}{4}$ in Consols, which has contributed very materially to produce a better feeling in the City; the closing price on Thursday was 95 $\frac{1}{2}$. In Indian Sterling stocks and Rupee-paper there is no change.

RACING.

IN our last article on the above subject we noticed the deaths of Sterling and Isonomy, and now Rosicrucian has gone, at the age of twenty-six. Middle-aged racing-men will remember the Derby in which Sir Joseph Hawley ran Rosicrucian, Green Sleeve, and Blue Gown, declared to win with either the first or second of the trio, and, to his chagrin, won with the third. Rosicrucian was an instance of an expensive horse turning out a cheap horse; for, after being bought for, it was said, very nearly 12,000*l.*, he did good service at the Sandgate Stud for eleven seasons, his usual fee being 100 guineas.

As interest is chiefly concentrated on the three-year-olds at the present moment, we will deal with them first. Towards the end of April there was not a little excitement about a reported trial at Kingsclere, in which Common, a colt belonging to Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone, and bred by the former, was said to have done great things. He had never run in public, and many people who are fond of racing had been until lately unaware of his existence. He had, however, been occasionally backed for the Derby. On the 6th of April 50 to 1 was taken, and afterwards offered in vain against him; on the 9th he had risen to 33 to 1, on the 13th to 28 to 1, and on the 17th to 18 to 1. After the result of his trial had become known, he rose to 9 to 1 for the Derby, and he started fourth favourite for the Two Thousand at the same odds. Before the race the critics were not altogether pleased with him. Fully admitting that he was a very fine colt (he stands 16.1 $\frac{1}{2}$ already), with high-set withers, splendid shoulders, immense reach in front, great length from the hip to the hock, and grand limbs, they considered him leggy, unfurnished, and wanting in muscle about the loins and quarters. Neither did his idle, listless manner of walking please them; but they admired his action in his preliminary canter, and they—that is to say, those who had backed him—were in raptures when he came away at the top of the hill, sailed away at his ease in front of his field, and won by three lengths, with Orvieto and Peter Flower second and third. Immediately after the race he was backed at 2 to 1 for the Derby, and within a week as little as 6 to 5 was taken against him. Gouverneur, the first favourite for the Two Thousand, was beaten before it was half over. His enemies declared that he had run like a T.Y.C. horse, while his friends maintained that he had been suffering from his teeth, and consequently had not shown his true form. Orvieto confirmed his Leicester running of last year with Peter Flower, although he

reversed his form in the Middle Park Plate, for which he had been unplaced to Gouverneur.

For the One Thousand Mr. Noel Fenwick's Mimi made the whole of the running and won by a length and a half from Melody, while Siphonia, the first favourite, finished third, three lengths off. Mimi, a bay filly by Barcalaine, out of one of the very best of the Sledmere mares (a daughter of Lord Lyon out of Sadie), is considered by some good judges to be about the most perfectly made racehorse in training, although others think that she moves her hocks rather awkwardly in walking. Melody, a nice, medium-sized, neatly-made bay filly, but hitherto considered a non-stayer, belied the latter reputation by the way in which she was running on at the finish; on the other hand, the lengthy and muscular Siphonia did not come up from the Abingdon Bottom in the style of a stayer, and horse-judges thought that she had improved but little in appearance since last year, when she had had the singular ill-fortune of running second in each of her five races. No very important three-year-old form was shown at Chester. On the following Sunday, at Paris, Gouverneur won the Grande Poule des Produits of 3,351*l.* at Paris, over a course a quarter of a mile longer than that of the Two Thousand; but it is said that his owner's other colt, Révérend, was eased in order to allow him to win by half a length.

The next three-year-old race of special interest was the Newmarket Stakes of 4,500*l.* The Duke of Westminster's Orion, who, on the 3rd of May, had stood at 6 to 1 for the Derby when his stable-companion, Common, was being backed at 6 to 5, gradually rose to 5 to 2, while Common receded to 3 to 2, and it was said that both colts had run about equally well with the same trial horse, although 700 to 400 was still laid on Common v. Orion. The race for the Newmarket Stakes was the occasion of Orion's first appearance in public this season, and he started a very strong favourite. Melody made the running, and at a good pace, too. In coming down the hill both Peter Flower and Orvieto were beaten, and rather earlier than in the Two Thousand. Mimi took the lead from Melody before reaching the Abingdon Bottom. Thus far Orion was still in the race, but so also was St. Simon of the Rock, who had finished only fourth for the Two Thousand, behind Orvieto and Peter Flower, both of whom were already well beaten before reaching the bottom of the hill on the present occasion. Mimi and Melody now ran on, and confirmed their One Thousand form by running first and second. St. Simon of the Rock ran third, within half a length of Melody; but Orion finished two lengths off. Even if it were admitted that the fillies were better than the colts of the year, how came St. Simon of the Rock to give Peter Flower and Orvieto a greater beating than Common had given them for the Two Thousand? But one might as well ask how it was that, after Le Nord had, last year, run second for the Two Thousand, beating Blue Green by five lengths for second place, in the Newmarket Stakes Blue Green ran a good second, only losing the race by a head, while Le Nord ran a bad third. As to Orion, his friends said that he was not yet quite fit; bookmakers, however, who had only laid 5 to 2 against him for the Derby before the race, willingly laid 12 to 1 after it, while his stable-companion, Common, against whom 6 to 4 had been laid for the Derby in the morning, was immediately backed at evens against the field. Another result of the race for the Newmarket Stakes was to bring into favouritism Simonian, a stable-companion of St. Simon of the Rock, and Dorcas, a filly in the same stable as Mimi and Melody, and reputed to be superior to the latter. Before the race for the Newmarket Stakes, 100 to 1 had been offered against her for the Derby "on the lists." The Payne Stakes was won by Mr. B. Williams's FitzSimon, and, considering that both Beauharnais and Cleator were giving him 10*l.*s., there was nothing extraordinary in his victory. The common criticism upon him is that he is a great, good-looking colt, if a trifle leggy, and his breeding is remarkable for Blacklock blood, as he is by St. Simon out of a dam who was a direct descendant of Voltaire within the third degree.

The two-year-old form has not yet brought any one colt or filly into very remarkable prominence. When Lord Gerard's Palisandre, a golden chestnut Bend Or filly, with a blaze on her face and white stockings on both her hind legs, won the First Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes at Newmarket, she was considered the best-looking filly of her age that had been out this season. A fortnight later she was beaten at the Second Spring Meeting by Petrovna. The Kempton Park Two-Year-Old Plate of 3,000*l.* was expected to be won by the Duke of Portland's St. Simon filly, The Smew; and she only lost the race by a head to Baron de Hirsch's Windgall, who was not giving her the 3*l.*s. to which she was entitled for sex. Some judges call him tall, narrow, and light-bodied; but he has the gift of speed, and he followed up his Kempton victory by winning (by a head also) the Breeder's Plate of 500*l.* at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting. On the same day, Mr. Maple's four-thousand-guinea purchase, Priestess, a very beautiful bay filly by Hermit out of the already mentioned Mimi's dam, won the Somerville Stakes, a race worth 805*l.*, and the first in which she had taken part, in a canter by three lengths. The second in the race was the Duke of Hamilton's promising Hampton colt, Hanover Jack, who had cost 810 guineas as a yearling, and within a neck of him finished Baron de Hirsch's Shade, a somewhat unfurnished but remarkably handsome filly by Bruce, that had cost 1,500 guineas last year. In the next race the Duke of Hamilton's nice little Trappist colt, Bouthillier, won his third victory, and after that came Petrovna's

conquest of Palisandre. The Bedford Two-Year-Old Plate was won by Mr. H. Milner's *Desdemona*, a St. Simon filly that had run third to *Windgall* and *The Smew* for the valuable Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes at Kempton. Another St. Simon ran second, in St. Damien, who was considered a deep-bodied colt, with powerful loins and plenty of bone; and, as he was racing in public for the first time and ran the winner to half a length, he is likely to do better hereafter. At Windsor the above-mentioned *Priestess* won the May Stakes of 1,000*l.* very easily by a length and a half from *Quarryman*, who had won the only other race in which he had taken part. The first of the stock of the celebrated *Ormonde* that has run in public won a race at Kempton on Whit Monday. This was *Lord Alington's Goldsmith*, and he was generally described as a big, powerful, dark chestnut colt. As he is out of *Common's dam*, his breeding is unexceptionable.

In handicaps, St. Symphorien showed that he had to some extent returned to his old form by winning a Welter Handicap at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, under a heavy weight from a field of eleven. *Baron de Hirsch's Vasistas* at last won him a race in the Chester Cup. With all his ill-luck he had been a very consistent performer, and his record since his owner gave 6,000*l.* for him nearly two years ago had consisted of eight placings against seven blanks. His misfortune had hitherto been always to carry just a trifle, and only a trifle, more weight than he could quite win under. It is true that he had a weak field behind him for the Chester Cup, but he beat it with a good deal in hand. *Lord Cholmondeley's* neatly-built five-year-old *Screech Owl*, who ran no less than twenty times last year and only won three races, won his second race of this season in the Great Cheshire Handicap. *Mr. Merry's Surefoot*, the winner of last year's Two Thousand and other races, worth in all 12,722*l.*, was the first favourite for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton, under the heaviest weight in the race. He never tries to win unless he feels inclined, nor was he so inclined on this occasion. *Mr. Brydges Williams's* three-year-old, *FitzSimon*, had been a good deal backed for this race since he ran second to *Peter Flower* with *Flodden Field* behind him for the Newmarket Biennial, as he had now only 6 st. 4 lbs. to carry. In the Biennial he was ridden by *Watts*, and on this occasion he had to be ridden by a very light lad. He is not the sort of horse for a boy to ride, and it was prophesied that so small a jockey would not be able to manage him. This was exactly what happened. He showed a good deal of temper at the post, and in running the race, when he came to the awkward bend, he bore to one side, and in so doing carried away with him a still better favourite, *Lord Esterling*, thereby extinguishing that horse's chance as well as his own. The battle lay between *Colonel North's Nunthorpe* and *Mr. D. Baird's Martagon*, and the former won by a head. As he was carrying 9 st. and giving *Martagon* 11 lbs. (in the original handicap *Martagon* was to give him 3 lbs.) it was a very smart performance. *Mr. Abington's Snaplock*, who was handicapped above *Tyrant* and within a pound of *The Rejected* for the last Cambridgeshire, now only ran seventh, although receiving 2 lbs. from *Nunthorpe*. It will be remembered that *Nunthorpe* had already won the City and Suburban this spring, and he has earned 4,195*l.* in stakes alone by these two races, so he has repaid with heavy interest the 2,500*l.* which he cost last year. He has proved himself to be quite a stone better than the handicappers—not one handicapper, but several handicappers—had considered him in the spring, and *Lord George* must have been very lucky in beating him by nearly four lengths, at even weights, in the Lincolnshire Handicap. *Lord Penrhyn's* six-year-old horse, *Noble Chieftain*, still holds his own over six furlongs. On the last day of the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting he won his second victory of this year in a Welter Handicap, giving 24 lbs. and 31 lbs. more than weight for age to the second and third in the race, making the whole of the running and winning "as he liked." This horse really ought to run with an aureole fastened to his headstall, for has not the official handicapper made oath and sworn in a court of law that "he is one of the most consistent runners" he has "ever seen"? And after hearing his evidence we are of the same opinion. *Mr. J. Lowther's Workington* ran well in winning the Salford Borough Handicap, on Wednesday last, by two lengths, under the heaviest weight in the race, and one within a stone of the highest in the handicap. This is the second valuable race which this neat little chestnut horse has won this season. The uncertain *Bel Demonio* was in a good humour on Whit Monday, and beat *Martagon* by three-quarters of a length at 6 lbs. for the *Empress's Prize* of 1,000*l.* at Kempton.

We have only had one great weight-for-age race in which horses of different ages have taken part during the past four weeks. This was the March Stakes of 1,000*l.* over the Rowley Mile, at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. In this race *General Byrne's* *Amphion*, now five years old, more than maintained his supremacy by winning easily by a length and a half. Including his penalties, he was giving 22 lbs. more than weight-for-age to both *Le Nord* and *Rathbeal*, and 26 lbs. more than weight-for-age to *Mr. D. Cooper's* remarkably fine three-year-old Australian filly, *Mons Meg*, who had been purchased at the sale of the late *Mr. James White's* stud last October for 2,600 guineas. The race for the old-fashioned Whip—10 st. each, Beacon Course, of 4 miles 1 furlong 177 yards—was competed for by the Duke of Beaufort's great, powerful black hurdle-racer *Benburb*, who started favourite, and *Lord Durham's* four-year-old bay horse *Circassian*, who had won several races last season, as well as one this spring.

Benburb made the running, and *Circassian* won by a length; but as soon as he had passed the winning-post the poor brute broke down so badly that it was all he could do to limp into the paddock.

"THE HIGHER AUTOMATICS."

THE automatic machines with which travellers by railway are familiar were not looked upon with feelings of unmodified welcome when they first appeared. Wayfarers were inclined to resent the stolidity of the new traders with whom they were invited to deal. Such of them as were of juvenile years tricked the automata with leaden coins; and when one of the machines was solemnly "given in charge" for having refused a cake of chocolate in return for a genuine penny, it was thought that inventions were doomed to failure.

Nevertheless, we have unquestionably entered upon the era of what has been wittily called "the higher automatics." After a few tussles in the Law Courts with the owners of machines which occasionally cheated by inadvertence, the public changed its mind. The machines were perfected. The slots no longer engulfed pennies while the mechanism inside ignored your wants in the way of confections, or of tobacco, or of matches, or of perfume; and the heart of the people was softened. This prepared the way for the higher automatics. Man wandering about railway stations has other than carnal aspirations. He must needs eat if his journey is to be long, and he must needs smoke whether it is to be long or short; but in travelling he has a higher want, a want which is stronger than all others. He yearns to read. His desire to improve his mind is strong enough to command the veneration of the most ardent orator in any mechanics' institute. Perceiving this, *Mr. W. S. Simpson* has invented an "Automatic Library." He has, that is to say, designed a case to hold eight books, the front covers of which will be visible through glass doors; and a penny dropped into one of the slots will liberate the book with which the traveller seeks to wile away the hours. *Mr. Simpson's* enterprise was not unanimously approved at first. The temper of *Lord Byron*, who would not condescend to take any money for his poems until increase of debts constrained him to unbend before the generosity of *Mr. Murray*, still slumbered in the bosoms of some eminent writers, who spurned the proposition that the high products of their imaginations creative should "come into competition" with saccharine dainties and indifferent tobacco. *Mr. Simpson*, however, has lived that prejudice down. His invention has been acquired by an influential public company. Many of the best writers of the day have consented to contribute to the library, which is to reward its ministers more amply than the average publisher does; and we are authoritatively given to understand that the new era in literature will be "inaugurated" all over the land, and wheresoever on the ocean the passenger steamships go, within a few weeks. Besides being fitted into railway carriages and into the great "liners," the libraries will be found in the barracks of the Irish Constabulary, in the cabins of the Coastguards, in hotels of the better class, and in other resorts of men and women who have occasional hours of leisure enforced upon them.

A distinguished statesman, who cannot be accused of any pre-disposition in favour of "newfangled" schemes, approves the higher automatics heartily. It seems that he has assured the inventor that there is no saying where the machine's beneficent potentialities end. There are some observers, however, who fear that the Automatic Library will not be an unmitigated boon. With the best will in the world, *Mr. Comyns Carr*, for example, is not quite assured that it may not give rise to the automatic author. There may be some risks of evil attached to *Mr. Simpson's* ingenuity; but *Mr. Carr's* apprehension is certainly a false alarm. Authors generally would be none the worse for being made automatic in certain measure. We do not mean that we should like to see them producing novels with the alacrity of the inanimate trader at the railway station serving you with toffee, and at a similar initiative. It would be a black day indeed when *Mr. Simpson's* directors dropped a two-hundred-guinea cheque into a novelist's letter-box, with the certain knowledge that a romance of fifty thousand words would pop into their own the day after to-morrow at ten o'clock. The respect in which the Automatic Library may automatize the author will not be evil. It may be that in a few cases the stimulus of high pay and rapid consumption may tempt him to "pot-boiling"; but that trouble will soon cure itself. The pennies dropped into *Mr. Simpson's* exchequer will not fall all of a heap. Each slot will give a strictly accurate account of itself alone; each author will have his merits tested by the sweet criterion of his money value; and, as the popular taste in literature is usually just in the main, *Mr. Carr's* automatic author, if he does arise, will not long flourish here below. The automatic author of our own provision, he whom all good men will welcome as the flowers in May, is the story-writer who, knowing that the new library books must be such as can be read in an hour, will tell in one small volume the tale which certain conventions have hitherto compelled him to attenuate over the vast acreage of three mortal tomes. Let *Mr. Carr* have peace of mind.

obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.

When men wander unattended into realms which, like those of Queen Mab, are superior to law, it does indeed; but when it is constituted by the exigencies of Mr. Simpson's library, obedience may chasten some worthy romanticists whose only fault is prolixity into being artistic writers of "the short story," for which the spirit of the age is said to have an imperious appetite.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

AT the Academy the historical pictures are not numerous; but Mr. Gow has scored a great success with his "After Langside" (250). Queen Mary is touching Scottish ground for the last time, as she prepares to cross the Solway Firth. It is early morning, the clouds breaking in a soft, saffron-coloured sky; the Queen, on horseback, in a red dress, is surrounded by her slender train of courtiers. This is a very delicate and yet solid piece of work, not seen to advantage among gaudy surroundings in the Great Room. Mr. Crofts has not for years past painted a picture which it has been possible to commend so warmly as "The Morning of Waterloo" (332); he seems to have abandoned his cold Düsseldorf colour, and to be inspired on this occasion by Neuville. The group of officers around Napoleon's tent is excellently painted; but, in spite of the terrible weather, the tall Hussar on our left hand has not a flick of mud on his legs. There is some vigour and more violence in Mr. Harrington Mann's "Attack of the Macdonalds at Killiecrankie" (516).

Among the miscellaneous figure-pieces, the most interesting still unmentioned is undoubtedly Mr. Sargent's "La Carmencita" (544); a Spanish dancer, in a golden-yellow dress trimmed with dirty lace, in the very act of performing a *pas*. Her feet, marvellously painted, seem to twinkle with movement. The pose of the head and the treatment of the draperies are admirable; the hands alone leave something to be desired. Mr. Robert Macbeth, who, when he will take the trouble to execute it, always has an individual and a pleasing transcript of English pastoral life to give us, paints this year, with less than his usual inequality, a scene of "Cider-making" (350). The face of the girl who pours out the pail of juice in the concentrated light from the window is pretty, but hardly sufficiently modelled. The foreground of green and red apples is admirably rendered. Mr. Yeend King, one of our most promising younger artists, takes a step forward in "The Lass that loves a Sailor" (71), a beautiful and curiously original study of a girl standing by a mill-pool, between pollard willows and red-brick buildings. A pleasant figure, illustrating a poem of Mr. Austin Dobson's, is Mr. Boughton's "Love in Winter" (129). A creditable picture, absolutely skied, in the Third Gallery, is Mr. Fortescue's "Ploughing Match in Cornwall" (253), if distance does not lend enchantment to our view of it. Another skied work, the merit of which is still more indubitable, is Mr. Hitchcock's "Maternité" (291), a figure walking in strong light in a French harvest-field.

Several old favourites of the public have hardly done justice to themselves this year. Mr. Waller, in his huge "One and Twenty" (422), the coming-of-age of a squire, and Mr. W. H. Bartlett, in his well-designed, but flimsily-painted, "Early Arrivals" at a country church (612), rather remind us of what they have done and can do than give us present satisfaction. Mr. John Collier's "Waiting for the Accused" (696), an Inquisition picture, is brilliant in invention and humour. Mr. Pettie paints a small figure of a "Violinist" (821), in his shirt-sleeves, with white satin waistcoat and small clothes, which is careful and graceful. Very curious and difficult to criticize is the art of Sir John Gilbert, produced, as we may put it, in absolute defiance of nature, and in accordance with technical rules known only to himself, yet in such a large composition as "Don Quixote discourses to the company at the Inn" (225) amusing and interesting. It is, indeed, a spirited black-and-white improvisation magnified and tinted. Among the domestic scenes, not hitherto mentioned, we must give a very high place to "A Game of Old Maid" (444), by Elizabeth Forbes, an interior with four children, rather vapoury, perhaps, but beautiful in colour and light.

The best animal-picture of the year is doubtless Mr. Swan's "African Panthers" (110). Two of these beautiful beasts have crawled to the edge of a cliff, serpentine their way through the dry grass, and peer down into a misty blue lake, with vague blue mountains, dimly snow-peaked, in the background. The character of the creatures is admirably given, and the colour is simple and fine. If we have any objection to bring against this masterly study, it is a purely technical one; we think that the painter has rubbed a little too much white into the coats of the panthers. By the side of Mr. Swan's work the brutes of Mr. Riviere look a little hard, and, moreover, as is so apt to be the case in popular pictures of animals, a little too human. But his triptych, "A Mighty Hunter before the Lord" (21-23), is eminently interesting. In the centre panel Nimrod, in a splendid dress, gallops by in his chariot, drawn by white horses, in the glare of day. He has already speared a lioness, and the lion leaps on the back of the chariot. On either side we see the wretched animals dying on the sands in the night. The profusion of birds which surround "Cinderella" (1076) in Mr. Hall's picture are very well designed. Mr. Nettleship paints "An Angler" (343), a jaguar, strangely foreshortened, catching a salmon with his paw. Mr. Marks's "Select Committee" (259) of cockatoos and macaws is very entertaining and gay.

At the New Gallery Mr. Alma Tadema's "Love in Idleness" (96), the place of which was marked by an empty frame last week, now hangs in the post of honour in the West Room. This large work represents two Roman girls, the one stretched at full length, the other seated on the ground, amusing themselves by doing nothing on an elaborate marble terrace above the sea; the wall of this open gallery is decorated with a frieze of the Daughters of Niobe. There is an initial drawback to the enjoyment of this picture which is of a very serious kind; this is, that the legs and feet of the girl to the left seem to belong to the central figure, causing a most disagreeable sense of confusion.

In the school of Mr. Burne-Jones Mr. Strudwick is chief pupil, and although he has painted more curious and alluring things than his "Elaine" (17), he has never shown a greater skill. Mrs. Spartali Stillman invariably displays pleasant fancy, and she adopts graceful combinations of rose-colour and pale blue in her Tuscan costumes. Her "Vita Nuova" (225) and "Audaces Fortuna juvat" (222) are, however, wanting in force.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has come very near achieving a great success with his "Circe" (153). The fatal lady sits, in a bronze throne with lions, robed in a very thin blue drapery, through which the carnations of her skin flush. With lifted head and flying brown hair she intones her enchantment, while she waves an opal cup of red wine in her right hand. At her back a vast mirror reflects the coming guests, while at her feet the toad crawls through scattered handfuls of large purple violets. A boar, with human eyes, crouches at her feet. Charming in design, not very solid in execution, this picture, one of the most remarkable in the New Gallery, errs in a certain timidity and commonplace. It depicts a singing woman or even a *ménad*; but is hardly the terrible and implacable Circe.

Mr. East has never painted a more delightful piece of imagination than his "Daphnis" (140); a brown goat-herd, in the shadow of the trees, behind a thicket of cactus, breathes a mad melody across his pipes, with his goats for sole audience. At his feet the land sinks to a shallow firth of bright blue sea, along the further shore of which, seen hazily through the intense noontide heat, lies a little Greek city, with its sails and wharves; behind it all, the landscape rolls up to Arcadian mountains and a single peak in the azure. We congratulate Mr. East on a genuine success; none the less we should like to know more exactly what the blue-green object is against which Daphnis is leaning. There is ambition and a certain sense of style in Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Amor omnia vincit" (176). A glow of sunshine bathes the principal figure; but the garments of the attendants are very faultily painted, and the trees are like coralline in colour and form. This is not worthy of Mr. Richmond. Almost the only unfamiliar name attached to a remarkable work at the New Gallery this year is that of Mr. J. R. Spence, who exhibits a large and striking piece of pseudo-paganism, called "The Last Bar" (260). A Greek girl, in scarlet robes, is seen seated daringly swinging her bare feet on an elaborately carved white marble balustrade, while she strikes the last notes on a huge red lyre. Behind her a solemn purple landscape rises, with a temple among trees in the middle distance. The work is a little conventional in treatment, but it possesses considerable beauty; and, if from the hand of a young painter, genuine promise. There is grace in Mr. Weguelin's "Old Love Renewed" (22), a girl passing before a seated man, who greets her, on a high marble terrace over the blue sea, with a fine promontory in the distance. Little can be said in favour of Mr. Batten's commonplace "Demeter and Persephone" (189); nor very much for Mrs. Hastings's careful and conscientious "Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh" (117), yet each of these shows honourable ambition.

Among miscellaneous figure-subjects at the New Gallery, Mr. Tuke's "The Lamp-Cleaners" (12) takes a prominent place, and is the only decent example of the Cornish school. This is in Mr. Tuke's familiar style, combining pale colour and unsubstantial texture with something extremely real and vivid in human character: A red-bearded elderly sailor superintends the work; a boy in a blue coat is seated in the foreground; behind, a young fellow in a red shirt gazes contemplatively out into space. This is not a great, but a very interesting and suggestive, study of modern life. A pleasant example of Mr. Boughton is "The Winter of our Discontent" (133), a neat lady in a red-brown pelisse and furs philosophically conversing, in a snow landscape, with an aged man in a blouse, who rests upon a green umbrella. Mrs. Alma Tadema's "Fireside Fancies" (92), a girl warming her hands as she stands at a fire before which a luxurious baby has seated herself, with the firelight playing on brass utensils and other old Dutch objects, is an accomplished piece of genre. "Carry Lance! Eyes Right!" (233), by Mr. Beadle, Lancers meeting Life-guards in Birdcage Walk, and saluting, is an attempt to paint a most picturesque incident, but the artist has a wooden touch and no sense of the beauty of military colour. Mr. John R. Reid, in his usual style, gives us "A Small Aquarium" (46).

In the West Room a remarkable portrait is Mr. J. J. Sargent's unnamed girl (56) of about fourteen sitting in a church pew, with her beautifully painted thin hands clasped in her lap. Her soft brown hair falls on her shoulders; her great brown eyes, bold and yet shy, are fixed on the spectator. Mr. Orchardson paints "Prof. Nichol" (50) of Glasgow in profile, with folded arms, emphasizing the brown hair and beard, both tinged with white, against a very deep-red background. M. Fernand Khnopff, the new Belgian painter, sends, in "Mlle. de Bauer" (53), a simple

and clever painting of an impassive little girl standing against a blue curtain. Two full-length portraits by Mr. John Collier deserve attention—"Miss Nina Welby" (2) in white, and "Miss Mabel Pollock" (19) in black. One of the most pleasing and picturesque portraits of the year is "Miss Clough" (61), by Mr. Shannon, intended to hang in the Hall of Newnham College. The painter has represented the accomplished lady, in a dress of several tones of blue and grey, bending her white-haired and white-capped head slightly forward in a listening attitude. Mr. Llewellyn paints "Mrs. Reckitt" (73) in a dress of the green colour he so often selects; this full-length is dignified and careful, but not painted in a very interesting manner. Mr. Charles Furse rather overdoes animation of gesture in his life-size figure of "Mrs. Ernest Frere" (108), a tall lady in creamy white vivaciously preparing to hold back a massive blue curtain.

In the South Room there is one portrait of great merit. "Mrs. Ian Hamilton" (213) is fortunate in having persuaded Mr. John Swan, the animal painter, to turn his genius in the direction of portraiture. He has produced a work, of cabinet size, which is a little masterpiece. The lady wears a muslin dress, broken only by a single purple pansy on the breast; the background is of many shades of rich turquoise-blue. The technical beauty of the painting is perfectly delightful. On the opposite wall, Mr. Arthur Hacker, who is always a competent craftsman, exhibits a large portrait of "Miss Ethel Wright" (250), conveying a cheerful Watteau effect in the carnations. Mr. Shannon's "Mrs. C. C. Chambers" (204) and Sir Arthur Clay's "Herr Joachim" (240) may also be commended.

In entering the North Room and turning round the eye is instantly arrested by Mr. John Collier's "Rudyard Kipling" (192), a very remarkable work. The large piercing eyes of this head gaze with an almost agitating intensity through the spectacles, and Mr. Collier has known how to render the remarkable combination of nervousness and strength in the face; Mr. Kipling, as befits an Anglo-Indian, wears a white coat. Mr. Herman Herkomer exhibits "Admiral Seymour" (130) in naval costume, an upright, sailor-like figure, ably painted. A little picture by Mr. Alma Tadema, finished with scrupulous minuteness, and very pretty in colour, is "Miss Agnes Marks" (131); she stands, in a hat, at a window. A clever sketch by Mr. Orchardson is "J. M. Heathcote, Esq.," in flannels, at a tennis-court. The pose of Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Miss Lewis" (142) is graceful; but it is impossible to praise the execution of this work; the apple-green of the dress is garish, and the flesh-painting, especially the arms, very defective. Mr. Edwin Ward's "Miss Joyce Schooling" (149) is a charming full-length of a little blonde girl, in silver-grey velvet, standing with a bunch of daffodils in her hand. Here, too, is Sir John Millais's "Portrait of a Lady" (156), with regard to the merit of which opinions will be divided. Mr. Shannon's "Duchess of Portland" (183), seated, in a white dress and long pink sash, against dark blue drapery, is effective. The hands are very good, the head somewhat pinched. Professor Herkomer has not been well inspired in his "Lady Helen Ferguson" (167); this is really more scene-painting. We can but allude to Mr. Richmond's "Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox" (173), Mr. Bartlett's "Henry Irving" (195), and Mr. Percy Bigland's "Mr. Gladstone" (179).

THE WEATHER.

WHEN our last report went to press, we had enjoyed some four days of bright and summerlike weather; but since then we have been plunged into almost the depth of winter again. Wednesday the 13th was a glorious day; but on Thursday temperature fell all over England, and in London it did not exceed 69°, which was 9° lower than on the previous day. The barometer was falling generally, the lowest readings being over the Baltic, and the highest over the south of Ireland, but the weather was fine over the greater part of Western Europe. In the afternoon a large depression approached the north of Scotland, and the wind increased to gale force at our extreme northern stations. On Friday the depression, which had travelled across the North Sea, was lying over the south of Norway and Sweden, and fresh north-westerly and westerly winds were blowing over the United Kingdom, causing a still further fall of temperature, the maximum in London being 58°, and at Malin Head 47°. Stormy and unsettled weather prevailed over the whole country on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and heavy showers of rain and hail were frequent. Snow fell in Scotland and Wales (for seven hours continually at Mold on Sunday), and in the northern and midland counties, and sharp frost was experienced in many places. Temperature was remarkably low for the time of year all over our islands, and early on Sunday morning the thermometer registered only 31° in London, which was 47° lower than the maximum temperature recorded on Wednesday the 13th. A severe hailstorm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, passed over the metropolis on Friday afternoon. A large depression appeared off the south of Ireland on Sunday evening, and by Monday morning it embraced the whole of the Channel, the southern parts of our islands, and the extreme north of France. During Monday the weather was very unsettled and stormy,

especially in the Channel and South of England, where southerly and westerly gales were experienced, accompanied by heavy rain. In London it was very chilly and raw, and the maximum temperature did not exceed 42°. There was some improvement in the weather on Monday evening as the disturbance moved away to the north-eastward over the North Sea. The rainfall for the twenty-four hours ending at 8 A.M. on Monday was 0.5 in. in London; 0.6 in. at Roche's Point, Oxford, and Yarmouth; and 0.8 in. at Cambridge. On Tuesday the weather had greatly improved; but it was showery in the west and north of our islands. Temperature had risen considerably, the daily maxima over central England being a little above 55°; in London the maximum was 58°, with fine and bright weather. The weather on Wednesday the 20th was very changeable—showery, with bright intervals—and the temperature was low and unsteady. At 2 P.M. the thermometer registered 55° in London, 47° at Shields, and 48° at Holyhead. The much-needed rain has fallen all over the country during the week; and, although the total amount has not been large, no doubt it has been most welcome to farmers; but from many parts of England we hear of great damage done to the fruit crop by the recent storms of hail and wind.

THE PARIS THEATRES.

THE great Parisian success at the present moment is undoubtedly *Amoureuse*, a comedy by M. de Porte-Riche, which has lately been produced at the Odéon. Here Mlle. Réjane is furnished with a part which perhaps no other actress save herself could adequately portray. The plot is simple enough. A celebrated doctor, sent upon an ambassadorial mission by his friend, a certain painter, to endeavour to arrange for the marriage of the latter with a charming young lady, manages to fall in love with her himself. His passion is returned tenfold, and they are married. Eight years pass away, during which time the wife's affection steadily increases, the husband's as steadily diminishes. One evening a very serious quarrel takes place between these two, and the painter (who appears to occupy the position of tame cat in this curious *ménage*), coming into the room just when the climax is reached, is told by the husband, who is beside himself with rage, to take his wife. "Ah! c'est toi," he cries. "Tu aimais ma femme, tu l'aimes toujours, j'en ai assez; prends-la, je te la donne." And with these words he rushes from the house. "Ah! c'est ainsi," says the wife. "On ne sait pas de quoi je suis capable pour me venger! Venez." "Autant moi qu'un autre," answers the painter, philosophically. Three weeks later the doctor, having repented of his rashness, returns home, and when he seeks a reconciliation with his wife, she tells him everything. He pardons her, and kicks the unlucky painter out of the house, and the curtain falls upon the reconciliation of husband and wife. As Mlle. Réjane was, perhaps, the only actress who could have played M. Sardou's *Marquise*, so she is unquestionably the best exponent that could have been found for the part of Germaine. She is a great comédienne in the highest acceptation of the word, and plays a most complex character with the utmost finesse, and in a fashion positively bewitching. The part of the husband is excellently acted by M. Dumény, who is rarely seen to such advantage as when playing with Mlle. Réjane. The rest of the cast, although satisfactory enough, call for no special comment.

The most successful of Hervé's opéra-bouffes, *Le Petit Faust*, has been reproduced at the Porte St.-Martin on a scale of splendour which must greatly astonish those playgoers who saw the piece twenty-three years ago at the Folies Dramatiques. Times have changed since then, and perhaps not altogether for the better. In those days broad farce, allied to tuneful, jingling airs, was sufficient to make the fortune of an opéra-bouffe; but nowadays we must have gorgeous ballets, finales worthy of grand opera, and a *mise-en-scène* such as used only to be seen at the first theatres of Paris. *Le Petit Faust*, as its name suggests, scarcely lends itself to these new conditions; and, although a very expensive company has been engaged to lend importance to its revival, it is doubtful whether the present performers extract as much fun from the piece as did the original creators of the parts. In the first place, we have Mlle. Granier to represent the flighty Marguerite; and, although she is doubtless a far better artist than Mlle. Blanche d'Antigny ever was, her voice has lost all its freshness. The part has been much elaborated, and M. Hervé has introduced a difficult scene for her in the second act. But on the first night Mlle. Granier was ill advised in attempting a roulade beyond her powers. In the third act the prima donna appeared to wake up, and she gave an amusing imitation of Sarah Bernhardt, worthily seconded by M. Cooper in a parody of Pierre Berton.

The most successful performance in the revival is indeed the title part played by M. Cooper, and originally undertaken by the composer himself. M. Cooper has very little voice, but he manages what little he has with wonderful cleverness. He always sings in tune, and he acts extremely well. The part of Valentin—the most comic in the piece—in which Milher scored one of his great successes, is now played by M. Salbac, a player who hails from the café-concerts, where, for the last ten years, he has impersonated a French Tommy Atkins. It is probably for this

reason that he has been selected to play the part of the warrior, who says the well-known lines

Quant on ne peut pas embrasser sa mère,
On embrasse sa carrière.

He is very amusing, and his death scene, ending in some wonderful acrobatic contortions, fairly convulsed the house. Two ballets, "La Valse des Marguerites" and a "Ronde Infernale," are new to the piece; but, although exquisitely mounted, they only serve to prolong the entertainment until past midnight. The play will probably have a successful run, as there is nothing at present on the bills to form a dangerous rival. Then, too, the weather is cold and ungenial, and Paris, being very full of strangers, has its theatres filled nightly. But it would be rash to predict for *Le Petit Faust* a renewal of the great vogue it once enjoyed. Opéra-bouffe, indeed, appears to be dead here and to have been succeeded by the more simple vaudeville with music interpolated. Two of the greatest successes of the year, *Miss Helyett* and *L'Oncle Célestin*, belong to this category. They are pieces played in modern dress, but with songs introduced here and there for the principal performers. The effect is scarcely artistic, and takes away all *vraisemblance* from a piece; but, if the result is laughter, who need complain? The days of the comic king who falls in love with a peasant girl (herself beloved by a virtuous boor) and takes her off to town in the second act are mercifully over. The theme is worn threadbare; and no more shall we behold the six pages, each with a love-letter in his hand, who for so many years formed the inevitable introduction to the Court-scene of Act II. *Le Petit Faust* as an opéra-bouffe stands by itself. It is a genuine parody on the opera, and, as such, is well worth seeing.

OPERAS AND CONCERTS.

THE musical event of the past week has been the production in French at Covent Garden Theatre of M. Massenet's *Manon*, with Miss Sybil Sanderson, an American soprano, as the heroine, and M. Van Dyck, the Belgian tenor, as the Chevalier Des Grieux. The operatic version of the Abbé Prévost's novel is not entirely new to London audiences, for it was heard in an English dress at Drury Lane Theatre in 1885, at one of Mr. Carl Rosa's operatic seasons, when the singing of Mme. Marie Roze and Mr. Joseph Maas did much to atone for the baldness of the English libretto and the general want of *verve* in the performance. It is doubtful whether *Manon* will ever be a popular success in this country; for, though much of the music is charming, the form of the work, with its combination of spoken dialogue with orchestral accompaniment, militates against its producing a proper effect in a theatre of large dimensions. This was felt on Tuesday both in many minor details and also in what was more serious, in Miss Sanderson's impersonation of the heroine. The American soprano, who was on this occasion heard for the first time in England, has a voice which is more remarkable for compass than for quality. Its tone is hard, and is not improved by a very pronounced *tremolo*. As a singer she would probably be better suited in music which gave more opportunity for a display of vocalization. In the first two acts Miss Sanderson was evidently nervous; but, though she was much more satisfactory towards the end of the opera, her voice and style are obviously suited to a much smaller house than that of Covent Garden. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the soprano, they were more than atoned for by M. Van Dyck's admirable performance of the part of Des Grieux. Report had spoken highly of the Belgian tenor's success as Parsifal at the last Bayreuth festival, and of his singing at Brussels and Vienna; and it was, therefore, most gratifying to find that in this instance rumour had not proved false. It remains to be seen whether he is equally good in heroic parts; but, as the hero of M. Massenet's opera no better representative could be desired, either vocally or dramatically. His singing is an admirable combination of delicacy and refinement with passion and force. The intensity of the feeling which he threw into the solo in the second act, "En fermant les yeux," and into the fine scene in the Parloir of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, was really remarkable. In both cases, M. Van Dyck's singing called forth such bursts of spontaneous applause from all parts of the house as are seldom heard at the Italian Opera. If it were only for the sake of this performance, the revival of *Manon* would be worth witnessing; but, in addition to this, the whole opera is excellently mounted, and goes in a manner which shows that it has been carefully rehearsed. The minor characters are for the most part efficiently filled. If M. Dufriehe could overcome his *tremolo* he would be a very good Lescaut, his acting and singing being generally intelligent. M. Isnardon makes an impressive Comte Des Grieux, though it is a part which lies quite out of the range of characters with which his name has hitherto been associated; and M. Juteau, as Guillot, shows that he is a good comedian. The short ballet in the third act deserves a word of commendation, especially as the management has had the courage to dress the dancers in the curiously grotesque, but strictly accurate, costumes worn by opera-dancers in the Regency period.

The cast of Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*, as it was given on Wednesday night, recalled the palmiest day of Italian opera. It would be hard to recall a performance in which so many artists of the first rank took place. With Mme. Albani as Valentina, Mlle. Giulia Ravogli as the Page, M. Jean de Reszke

as Raoul, M. Edouard de Reszke as Marcel, M. Maurel as Nevers, and M. Lasalle as St. Bris, it was impossible that the opera should not produce such an impression as it has not done for many years past. Fortunately, the only unknown quantity in the cast, the Marguerite de Valois of Mlle. Mravina, turned out to be quite equal to the occasion. The young singer, of whose antecedents very little was known, is not only endowed with a very graceful and attractive presence, but also has a charming light soprano voice which has been thoroughly well trained in the best school. Her singing of the first few bars of the part at once captivated the audience, and she is to be congratulated upon having achieved a very decided and well-merited success. All the other performances are tolerably familiar to opera-goers. M. Jean de Reszke is an ideal Raoul de Nangis, and his brother's Marcel is one of the finest impersonations of an artist who is unrivalled on the operatic stage. As St. Bris M. Lasalle made his first appearance this season. He was in excellent voice, and acted and sang as well as he has ever done. The Nevers of M. Maurel, fine artist as he always is, was rather restless and exaggerated. Mlle. Giulia Ravogli repeated the admirable performance of Urbano which created so much impression in Signor Lago's season; the part has seldom been so well sung, and never so admirably acted. The Valentina of Mme. Albani divided with M. Jean de Reszke's Raoul the honours of the evening. Reserving herself throughout the opera for the third act, she sang and acted the great duet, with which it closes, with extraordinary force and passion. At the end of the performance both artists were called before the curtain four times.

Whitsuntide has this year brought with it scarcely any lull in the constant succession of concerts. The Philharmonic Society gave its fifth concert on Thursday the 14th; on Friday the 15th Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave one of their delightful Recitals at St. James's Hall, while Mlle. Ilona Eibenschütz gave a concert of chamber music at Princes' Hall; on Saturday the 16th Mme. Pachmann gave a Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall, and on Wednesday Herr Waldemar Meyer's last Violin Recital took place. Of these performances the most important was that given by the Philharmonic Society, at which an interesting novelty was brought forward in the shape of a so-called "Sinfonia-Epitalamio," by Signor Sgambati. It is some years since Signor Sgambati's music was first heard in this country. By birth he is partly English and partly Italian, while his musical education was received at first in Italy and later on under Liszt, the composer who chiefly influenced his early compositions. The result of this combination of influence has been to place Signor Sgambati apart from contemporary Italian composers, among whom he ranks as the chief representative of the classical, as opposed to the operatic, school. The title of his new work accordingly led amateurs to expect a regularly developed Symphony, and some disappointment may have been felt on discovering that it could lay no claim to be regarded in this light. It is rather a Suite of five characteristic numbers, somewhat like Signor Mancinelli's "Scene Veneziane," and appealing in both form and spirit much more to popular taste than any other work from the composer's pen which has hitherto been brought forward. The "Sinfonia-Epitalamio" was originally written for and produced at a State concert in Turin on the occasion of the wedding of the Duke of Aosta and the Princess Letitia, and the music accordingly is throughout characterized rather by brightness and melody than by any display of profundity or depth of thought. It is charmingly orchestrated, and produced a very favourable impression, thanks partly to the excellent performance which the composer (who conducted) had secured by insisting upon extra rehearsals. Unfortunately the time occupied by these compelled the Committee to alter the programme, the result being that Jean Gérardy, who on this occasion made his first appearance at a Philharmonic Concert, was forced to play Goltermann's Concerto in A minor with a pianoforte accompaniment. The pianist was Mr. Frederic Lamond, who played Brahms's extremely difficult Second Concerto with much executive ability, though with but slight feeling or expression. Mr. Oudin contributed songs by Gounod and Marschner, and the orchestra played the overtures to *Oberon* and *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*.

Of the other concerts of the week brief mention must suffice. At Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's Recital no novelties were produced, but the concert-givers contented themselves with singing many of their favourite songs and duets in their usual admirable manner. The best numbers of the interesting programme were Mr. Henschel's singing of Löwe's "Die verfallene Mühle," and Mrs. Henschel's brilliant vocalization in "Nina jeune et sage," from Auber's *Actéon*. At Mlle. Eibenschütz's Recital the clever pianist played solos by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, and Rubinstein, with all the fire and execution which made her playing at the Popular Concerts last season so noticeable. She was assisted by Signor Piatti, Mr. Braxton Smith—who sang songs by Schubert and Handel—and by Mme. Torricelli, an Italian violinist who has met with considerable success in America, Russia, and Italy. Further criticism of her playing must be reserved for another occasion, and for the present it can only be chronicled that she is a performer whose execution is brilliant and intonation pure. Mme. Torricelli was received with much applause, and was encored in Tartini's Sonata in G minor. The programme of Mme. de Pachmann's Recital included Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 81, and Solos by Raff, Chopin, Liszt, Weber, Berger, and the concert-giver herself, all of which were given with the purity of style and delicate execution which are a characteristic of this excellent artist's playing. At Herr Waldemar Meyer's concert the best-performed number

in the programme was Mr. C. H. H. Parry's fine Partita for Violin and Pianoforte, in which Herr Meyer had the advantage of Mlle. Janotha's accompaniment. He was also heard in a series of movements from Bach's unaccompanied Suite in E, which were carefully played; in Schumann's Pianoforte and Violin Sonata in A minor; and in two Solos of his own composition. A contrast to the instrumental numbers was afforded by the singing of Mr. Edwin Isham, a young baritone, who appeared for the first time, and created a favourable impression by his good voice and method, both of which would, however, be improved by more attention to the pronunciation of his words, which is at present decidedly faulty.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

JOHN O'KEEFE'S exhilarating comedy, *Wild Oats*, is exactly the piece for the Criterion, and for Mr. Charles Wyndham and his company. The prolixity of this rather old-fashioned work has been judiciously pruned—a liberty which can be taken with it without hesitation; for, unlike *The School for Scandal*, it can never, all clever as it is, be considered a "classic." Played as it is, it is one of the most mirth-provoking, joyous pieces imaginable, and the audience—a very large one—enjoyed the gay pranks of young Rover, the fierce wrath of Sir George Thunder, and the blunders of John Dory in the most approved fashion, and roared with laughter from the rise of the curtain to its fall. There was literally not a dull moment. Mr. Wyndham as Rover was as gay and volatile as a lad of twenty. Indeed, it is a long time since we have seen our liveliest actor in such apparently uncontrollable spirits. In the few sober passages he, however, checked himself very artistically, and thereby gave relief to the almost incessant rattle of a part which, in less skilful hands, would soon become tedious. Mr. David James's John Dory is as fine a piece of acting as can now be witnessed on the London stage. It is a superb exposition of the methods of what is now known, rightly or wrongly, as the "old school." Mr. Edward Righton, as Sir George Thunder, preserves the traditions of the past and adds many clever touches of his own. Who could play Ephraim Smooth better than Mr. William Blakeley? He possesses the necessary unction, and emphasizes it occasionally in an irresistibly comical manner; and Mr. George Giddens, as his son Sim, is most amusing. A special word of praise is due to Mr. W. E. Gregory for his thoughtful performance of Harry Thunder. Miss Mary Moore is girlish and simple as Lady Amaranthe, a part exactly suited to her graceful, but rather colourless, style. Miss Ellaline Terriss is all that can be desired as the hoyden Jane. Mr. Wyndham, at the end of the performance, made a neat little speech, to re-introduce Mr. David James to his innumerable friends after his late long illness. The brilliant success of *Wild Oats* has quite effaced the rather depressing memories of *The School for Scandal*, and although it is announced as for "only twelve nights," we hope and believe it will be much longer before Mr. Wyndham finds it necessary to change his present programme.

Lady Bountiful at the Garrick is now withdrawn to make room for a revival of *A Pair of Spectacles*.

On Tuesday, May 26, the Strand Theatre will re-open with Miss Alice Atherton in a new three-act farcical comedy, entitled *A Night's Frolic*.

On Monday afternoon next Mr. E. J. Lonnen will have a benefit at the Gaiety, in which he will appear in an act of *Robert Macaire* and in *Stage Struck*, supported by a veritable host of his most popular colleagues.

It is a long time since we have heard of Signor Ernesto Rossi, the only serious rival Signor Salvini has yet had to contend with. He is at present in Belgium making a successful tour of that most picturesque country, and last week was at Ghent, when he acted Hamlet before a crowded audience. Although he illustrates a little too obviously that Hamlet's earnest desire that his "too solid flesh" should dissolve has not been gratified, he still does some remarkably fine "things," to use the professional expression, especially in the Play scene, where he is decidedly at his best. His delivery of the famous "To be, or not to be!" is most impressive, and seems to be spoken as in a kind of dream; and, although very few of the audience understood Italian, yet so exquisite were the various modulations of the actor's voice that the people seemed to hold their breath lest they should lose a single syllable. The piece was wretchedly mounted, with scratch scenery and by no means artistic costumes; but still it evidently interested intensely, for the pantomime throughout was so excellent and artistic that it required only a slight knowledge of the plot to follow the players. Signor Rossi, it seems, will visit England soon, probably in the autumn, to take a last farewell. We sincerely hope he will do so in some theatre arranged in a manner suitable to artistic performances which do not depend upon mere spectacular display.

Death has deprived the French stage of a very delightful and amusing actor, M. Joly, who was born in Paris, 1837, and made his first appearance in 1862, at the Châtelet, Brussels. Thence he went to Paris, and was presently offered a prominent engagement at the Renaissance by M. König. But his reputation was made at the Vaudeville, where he created the leading parts in such

famous pieces as *Une Tasse de Thé*, *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*, and *Feu Tourpinel*. In *Les Surprises du Divorce* he distinctly eclipsed M. Coquelin, whose performance of the part of the unfortunate amateur photographer was nothing like as delicately conceived. M. Joly possessed an innate sense of the droll, and therefore was his fun as spontaneous as it was apparently joyous. It is said he was a very difficult actor to play with, as he varied his "business" to suit his humour, not to say his caprice, almost every time he acted, and thereby often embarrassed his companions, who found it no easy task to follow his lead. M. Joly was as popular off the stage as he was on it, and his presence will be greatly missed in many Parisian salons, in the artistic and literary world, where he was always ready to contribute his delightful talent as a reciter to the general amusement.

The brilliant success of the present bill at the Lyceum more than justifies Mr. Irving's idea of the revival of *The Corsican Brothers*, headed by Miss Terry's first appearance of Nance Oldfield in Charles Reade's odd play, and, we may add, our anticipations already expressed as to the result. In the first piece Miss Terry, now that she has got thoroughly into the part of Nance Oldfield, is inimitable (and when is she not?), in grace, in spirit, and in pathos. It is possible to imagine the part being played by other actresses with equal technical skill, but it is impossible to dream of any one else making it at once so touching, so brilliant, and so human as Miss Terry makes it. From her first entrance, when, as it were in a play within a play, she deceives her own cousin and servant, to the simple, yet moving, end of the piece, everything Miss Terry does is instinct with art and inspiration. The mixture of dignity and playfulness in her interview with the vulgar old man; the assumption of the slattern, with a veiled tenderness, in the scene with the boy; a snatch of passion, turned suddenly to burlesque, in the same interview; and the change in the last scene from the tragedy queen to the true woman—all these are alike worthy a great and honoured reputation.

The old-fashioned yet ever-living *Corsican Brothers*—what is there in the best of the great Dumas's work that will not live?—gains, and gains much, upon second acquaintance. The critic finds more time on a second view to note the subtlety of the actor, even in the dazzling, almost bewildering, scene of the *bal de l'opéra*. Here, it may be objected, Mr. Irving, brilliant alike as manager and actor, has sacrificed the part of Louis dei Franchi to a triumph of stage management, to be rivalled only by his own Brocken scene in *Faust* and by Colonel Mapleson's Brocken scene in *Mefistofele*. Yet whenever Mr. Irving is on the scene he dominates it. The crowd of Pierrots and masks, constantly shifting and changing, always in the most natural way, at the back of the stage, are but a fitting background to the tragic figure of Louis; for it is Mr. Irving's art and power to instil tragedy into the melodramatic bearing of the scene and part. We have already dwelt upon what is, perhaps, Mr. Irving's finest moment, in the following scene—the stillness, the fatalism, the chivalry which he gives to Louis when he protects Mme. de l'Esparre from insult. Of the very effective duel scene, and of Mr. Irving's and of Mr. Terriss's excellent swordsmanship, we have already spoken. It only remains to add that Mr. Irving has improved the opening scene in Corsica by some knowledgeable modifications.

"Toole's" Theatre having happily ceased to be so merely by title, the rising of the curtain upon *Paul Pry* makes quite a little moment in the playgoer's experience. For he, too, has his small part to play, and he does it with his hands or feet, or with both, according to taste, but with a genuine relish in any case. There has been the familiar appearance, in advance. The voice of Mr. Toole, in other words, has been heard—"off"—and the customary ripple of laughter shows that the house is glad to find there is no change there at all events. A little later and Paul Pry in person is on the stage; the climax of the "moment" aforementioned has come and gone, and we settle down to business. Once more we are peeping through our neighbour's key-holes, craning our necks to read his private correspondence over his shoulder, hoping, with an incorrigible hopefulness, that "we don't intrude," "dropping in," and being turned out with more or less ceremony, but always carefully remembering to forget our umbrella—and all this to the music of yapping terriers and the rending of raiment, the upsetting of flower-pots and the smashing of conservatory glass. The way in which Mr. Toole has kept the old play alive for us, of course, is a story not of yesterday. But, just as it is possible to laugh at it "all over again," one may be allowed to dwell upon here and there a scene in it of admirable comedy. That there are such passages to remember, by the way, is due to Mr. Toole's being really well supported. He has, for instance, as he ought to have, a capital foil in the Colonel Hardy of Mr. John Billington, and in the whole company not one "stick." This being so, the scene where Phoebe and her young mistress make their ineffectual appeal to Paul Pry, going, as it does, without a hitch, is extremely funny. Mr. Pry might so easily explain away that little business of the *billet-doux*; he might, if he liked, become such a valuable ally against the indignant Colonel. What he infinitely prefers doing, however, and promptly proceeds to do, is to "give them both away." He is not blind to their signals; he sees their "little game" only too well. It is they, after all, who have betrayed themselves; for of course he snatches with a monkey-like alacrity at the chance of making some first-rate mischief. What else did they imagine he would do? A less genial humorist than Mr. Toole, playing as he would, of necessity, with less subtle byplay, would make this old acquaintance of ours

cut a very sorry figure—as it is he has all our sympathies. After all, our laughter makes us feel his is a passion like another's. He, too, is "maudit, fatal." He cannot be alone in a bar-parlour but he must turn out the table-drawer and do a small ill-turn to some one of his neighbours. Let us be sorry for him; but, before all things, let us laugh at him. As for the latter, however, it is not a matter of choice, and when the curtain has fallen on *Paul Pry*, and risen again to show us another Mr. Toole who has, in the interval, become Tom Cranky, the British working-man, our merriment becomes, if anything, even easier. We are not called upon to feel any pity for the tenant of "The Birthplace of Podgers." It is not he who is the Paul Pry now. The tables are turned upon Mr. Toole. It is his business, or rather it is Tom Cranky's business, to assert the sacredness of home, and especially of the dinner-hour, against a world of hero-worshippers. But everybody has seen the farce; everybody, that is to say, has admired Mr. Toole's share in it, has come away and said that it is a charming piece of character-acting. What is good to remember is that we are again able to study it any day we choose.

REVIEWS.

PEARL.*

A YOUNG hen's first egg and a young scholar's first book are not unfrequently attended by similar phenomena of production; but it would be unkind to press the comparison too hardly on Mr. Israel Gollancz. He is, we believe, himself one of the first fruits of the much-abused Mediaeval and Modern Languages Tripos at Cambridge, and has begun early to justify his Alma Mater for providing teaching of this kind. There is, perhaps, a little to be said against, as well as much to be said for, the setting of young scholars to the work of editing. It is practically impossible that they should have the wide reading and the balanced judgment which such work requires if it is to be done to perfection; and they are a little apt to cackle over much (to recur for a moment to our metaphor) about the progress of scholarship in general, over their own little conjectures, and so forth. We strongly suspect that *Pearl* might, with no great loss either to students or to the general reader, have been left to that earlier edition of Dr. Morris's to which Mr. Gollancz refers with graceful allowance. But, on the other hand, the young scholar brings to his work, if not quite such a valid and substantive advance in scholarship as he thinks, a natural, laudable, and valuable enthusiasm, the energy and industry of a man who has his spurs to win, and the leisure of one who has just escaped from one kind of daily taskwork and is not yet tied to another. It is good to utilize his superabundant zeal and his fresh accomplishments. And so let those have due meed of reward who set Mr. Gollancz on resetting the *Pearl* of a certain fourteenth century poet in West Midland English, and of a school representing a sort of Conservative opposition to the Chaucerian Gallicanizing, who may have been Ralph Strode of Merton, and pretty certainly was not the Scotch poet Hutcheon.

We have indicated in the last sentence by a sweeping sort of allusion most of the certain or probable facts about the poem, except that it is in a twelve-lined stanza of iambic dimeters freely sprinkled with anapests, and in a style still exhibiting a strong alliteration, and with stanza knit to stanza by the old catch-word device. It is a very pretty poem—allegorical, of course, but avoiding the beaten ways of that slavish following of the *Rose* which mars so much fourteenth and fifteenth century verse. It is sincere and touching in its treatment of the real subject (the recovery in vision of a dead daughter by her father), not seldom fresh in phrase, rich in imagery, and, even where, as in the opening, it employs alliteration most mercilessly, avoiding the worst results of that strange exaggeration of a valuable resource which somehow or other commended itself to our fathers. One can see very well in *Pearl* both how a real poet—which the author certainly was, if not a very great one—could avoid its dangers, and how serious those dangers were for a poetaster. We may take as a specimen the stanzas in which the author is transported to the heavenly country:

Fro spot my spyrt ther sprang in space
My body on balke ther bod in sweven,
My goste is gon in Gode's grace
In aventure ther mervaylez meven.
I ne wyste in this world were that wace,
But I knew me keste ther klyfz cleven,
Towarde a foreste I bere the face
Where rych rokkez wer to dyscreven.
The light of hem might no mon leven,
The glemande glory that of hem glent,
For never never webbes that wyghz weven
Of haf so dere adubement.

Which, being interpreted, is "My spirit sprang thence into space, my body bode there in swoon on the mound; my ghost went in the grace of God adventuring where marvels move. I wist not where in the world it was, but I knew me cast where cliffs were cloven. I bore my face towards a forest where were rocks rich to discern. The light of them might no man believe, the gleaming

glory that off them glinted; for never were webs that wights wove of half so costly embellishment." The example will show that *Pearl* is not hard reading, for, except the omission of the "t," to which the reader is accustomed, in "wight," "sweven" (which he ought to know from Malory), "meven," which a little thought will explain to him, "leven," which is not more difficult, there is not a word of fear, save "adubement," and even that will not puzzle a flyfisher or a scholar in French. It does a man all the good in the world to puzzle out such things with the help of a glossary, and therefore we are rather sorry that Mr. Gollancz has thought fit (after, it is true, many respectable examples) to set face to face with the original a rendering which is neither strictly literal prose nor flowing verse. It often imports new archaisms ("knew me keste" = "I was borne ivis") and neglects the indication of the old ("lay intranced" for "bod in sweven" and "see" for "dyscreven"). Still many poor persons will doubtless be glad of this version and of Mr. Gollancz's notes. In the latter we would suggest to him that "the augmentative use of 'to,'" which he objects to Dr. Morris for asserting, is a very obvious borrowing from the French *trop*. Now it is admitted that the author of *Pearl*, though not a Gallicizer, was steeped in the French poets. Again, it is surely unnecessary caution to say that "small" is "probably often used in Middle English in the sense of 'slender.'" On the other hand his suggestion of *bestournés* as the original of the odd word "westernays" is acute and probably right. Nor have we any desire to pick holes in him, though we cannot but think that he has sometimes lost opportunities in his translation. He seems, for instance, to have been scared by the pretty and characteristic fancy of calling *Pearl's* father a "jueler," which supplies one of the catchwords, and so he rather poorly paraphrases such lines as

Thou art no kynde jueler,

I were a joyful jueler,

into the much more commonplace

Thou lovest not thy jewel aright.

Joyful were I with my jewel.

And Scott might have taught him "menseful maiden" as an equivalent for "maiden of mense." But these are *misères*.

We have said that *Pearl* is a very charming poem; and it will certainly be found so by all except those unfortunate ones to whom "all depends on the subject," and who do not care for the subject of allegorical devotion in verse. Even in *Pearl* there is, of course, a good deal of common form; and the long paraphrases of the Apocalypse and the parable of the Labourers, though fine examples of the capacities, even at that time, of English prosody and vocabulary, are inferior in interest to the central portion of the poem, which has much more originality and grace. The father, after his first rejoicings over his recovered *Pearl*, is a little disturbed by her descriptions of the state and position she enjoys in the heavenly country. She was but two years old, he reminds her gently, when she was lost, and is she now "the Quene of Hevenez blue?" What of Mary? What of others? Then *Pearl* explains to him how in the Kingdom of God

Alle that may ther-inne aryve
Of alle the reme is quene other kyng
And never other yet shal depyrve—

how

Ther is no date of hys godnesse
(Then said to me that worthy wyghte)
For al is trawthe that He can dresse,
And He may do nothynk bot ryght—

how "of more and lasse in godez ryche lys no joparde." And so she approves herself

A makeless may and maskelless—

("unpeered and immaculate") in logic and theology as well as in beauty. There are not many instances known to us in which the mystical theology of the middle ages appears in a more amiable or in a more orthodox light than in this agreeable poem.

The care which Mr. Gollancz has bestowed upon his firstborn is itself very amiable and pleasing. His publisher has produced the book in all that glory of parchment or "parchmentiform" bindings and *papier vergé* by which he has recently won a notable place among publishers of reprints. Lord Tennyson has given him a quatrain of greeting for *Pearl*, and Mr. Holman Hunt an allegorical frontispiece depicting her. Let us hope, therefore, that this *Margarita* will not be thrown *ante porcos*, but purchased by proper persons and set in suitable shelves (alliteration is dreadfully catching), that so Mr. Gollancz may be encouraged to fish up more of her likes. But we would in all good faith advise him another time to increase his glossary, abolish his translation, and substitute for it a pretty full argument-*précis* of the work, for so shall we have room for much more text in a given space, and not worry fit readers with the odious necessity of shifting the eyes from text to version, instead of reading straight on. We wish also that he and others could induce some publisher to undertake for Early and Middle English texts something like the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*—a set of reprints or first editions, handy, comely, but not luxurious, and above all uniform. Everyone ought to be grateful for the Early English Text Society's work. But its format is unnecessarily large, its unbound parts are a trouble, and the system (unavoidable of course by a society) of requiring either subscription to things you do not want or a higher price for those you do is disagreeable.

* *Pearl: an English Poem of the Fourteenth Century.* Edited by Israel Gollancz. London: Nutt, 1891.

NOVELS.*

"PUZZLES," says Mr. George Meredith (vol. i. p. 6), "are presented to us now and then in the course of our days; and the smaller they are the better for the purpose, it would seem; and they come in rattle-boxes, they are actually children's toys, for what they contain, but not the less do they buzz at our understandings, and insist that they break or we, and in either case, to show a mere foolish idle rattle in hollowness." This sentence is not only a fair sample of Mr. Meredith's style, but admirably describes the state of mind of the person who attempts to read through *One of Our Conquerors*. The author's usual faults of incoherence, prolixity, straining after epigram, seeking after the uncommon, lack of firmness in character-drawing, and allusiveness, are intensified in his latest work, and few indeed of even his most fervent admirers will be able to boast that "they have read every line." He has a story, and one that of itself contains the elements both of dramatic incident and pathos; but it will not let itself be told. Chapters of extraneous matter are interposed; lengthy descriptions of a flock of perfectly uninteresting and useless people, each with a catchword of his own; the reflections of a clerk while running to the station; disquisitions on nationality, temperance, boxing, even the long past conversation of the clerk with a pork-butcher, on his favourite subject of the "gloves," anything and everything but the tale that the reader is wishing to hear. And this habit of Mr. Meredith's is the more provoking as his story is simplicity itself, and could be told in three lines. Mr. Victor Radnor (the "Conqueror" of the title, and one of the most blatant cads we have ever come across) marries at the age of twenty-one, a very rich woman of "more than middle age," and marries her confessedly for her money. This is the sort of action that damns a man as hopelessly as cheating at cards. It is useless for him to say that "he has nothing on his conscience with regard to the woman"; and to refuse to admit the truth of a friend's accusation that he had "entered into bonds with somebody's grandmother for the sake of browsing on her thousands." The fact speaks for itself, and bears no discussion. Well, having once married this lady, Mrs. Burman by name, he falls in love with a beautiful girl of good family, who comes to live in the house, and finally they depart together to do what the French describe as *vivre maritalement*. When the novel opens, this state of things has lasted for twenty years. Radnor has become colossally rich, and has one daughter, who is always spoken of in the most irritating fashion as "our girl," never once as "our daughter." This young lady is intended to be the incarnation of nobility and charm, but like all the other characters she is a mere name with no more individuality than one of the dancers in a *corps de ballet*. The burning—or rather the smouldering—question throughout the whole book is, whether Mrs. Burman, who is a great invalid, will be good enough to die and let "Mrs. Radnor," or, strictly speaking, Miss Deighton, be made an honest woman. The subject is meant to be one of the deepest interest to both the Radnors; yet his devotion to his "mate," as she is generally called, which is sometimes insisted on in an unpleasant and somewhat material manner, does not prevent his affectionately kissing a charming widow of his acquaintance, and keeping up a secret flirtation with her. After many false alarms Mrs. Burman at length does die; but not until "Mrs. Radnor," undermined by the long waiting and anxiety, is dead, and Radnor, whose fortune we are led to infer has disappeared, dies too, after a brief period of madness. Of course Nesta, the "girl," has many lovers; but the reader is but languidly stirred by any of her love affairs. She gets herself into a terrible scrape by mixing herself up with a lady of no reputation at Brighton whose lover is so much inspired by Nesta's heroism in standing by his mistress, that he consents to take the lady to the altar. Nothing is more curious in the whole novel than the unpleasant relations between husbands and wives. In no single instance do they live together happily or even tolerably. There are Mrs. Burman and Radnor, Captain Dartrey Finellan and his wife, who at the time of his introduction to the reader has died in Africa, after behaving abominably; there is Lady Grace Halley, whose husband "out of the saddle is asleep. She called on bell-motion of the head to toll forth the utter night-cap negative." But the moment he is in his grave she makes love to Radnor. There are Captain Marsett and the lady who goes illegally by his name, and Mrs. Blathenoy, who proposes to Dartrey Finellan to elope with her, and failing that to kiss her. In his former books Mr. Meredith did often succeed in writing clever passages and smart epigrams; but there are few specimens of either in *One of Our Conquerors*, while phrases that are perfectly meaningless abound. Who can follow, for instance, the first paragraph of the novel?—"A gentleman, noteworthy for a lively countenance and a waistcoat to match it, crossing London Bridge at noon on a gusty April day, was almost magically detached from his conflict with the gale by some sly strip of slipperiness, abounding in that conduit

of the markets, which had more or less adroitly performed the trick upon preceding passengers, and now laid this one flat amid the shuffle of feet; peaceful for the moment as the uncomplaining who have gone to Sabrina beneath the tides" (vol. i. p. 1). This surely is not the way to write.

It is curious to notice how the minds of novelists run in grooves, just as if some potent mesmerist were willing them all in one direction. Certain subjects seem to spring to their pens at the same instant; then, having had their day, give place to others whose reign is no less universal. Just now we are passing through a wave of the Mutiny, and every young man with any pretensions to chivalry wins his spurs amidst Indian scenes of blood. The heroines, poor things, are having rather a bad time of it; for, after suffering untold horrors, they end by dying, either of their privations or their emotions, or both. The two people who fill these important positions in Maxwell Gray's last book, *In the Heart of the Storm*, do their duty as manfully as their fellows, and are quite as capable of exciting an interest in their fortunes. The circumstances might be considered a little unusual, and the behaviour of the characters is sometimes rather odd; but there is enough of movement and adventure in the book to carry the reader along. Jessie Meade, the beautiful and refined miller's daughter, is an attractive figure, though probabilities are strained when we are asked to believe that a girl in her station would not realize the danger to her good name involved in her secret meetings with such a man as Claude Medway. Maxwell Gray is apt to repeat himself, as when she describes two girls with "little princess airs," and she is fond of using strange forms of words in place of those in common use; for instance, "bereaval" for "bereavement." She likewise crowds her canvas with too many unimportant people; but, whatever faults may be found with it, *In the Heart of the Storm* is an immense advance on the *Reproach of Annesley*, and will be found pleasant reading by young ladies.

Mr. Johnston has apparently been studying Galt's pictures of Ayrshire life in the end of the last century, and has come to the conclusion that nothing is easier than to "Go and do likewise." He is wrong. *Kilmallie* no more resembles the inimitable pictures of the *Ayrshire Legatees* or the *Annals of a Parish* than a plaster cast of the Venus of Milo which you buy in the street resembles the original in the Louvre. Both books are about the same district, and that is all they have in common. Mr. Johnston appears totally unaware that he has chosen the very subject of all others that requires most genius to handle, where the line separating the sublime from the ridiculous is narrow indeed. It is not by describing laboriously the ways and doings of a whole village of commonplace individuals that a living picture can be obtained. Something more is needed, and that something Mr. Johnston is absolutely without. He devotes each chapter to a fresh household, of the same dull calibre as the one that has gone before it, without even attempting to connect his chapters by a single thread. Thus chapter i. is occupied with the description of a boy who is bored with his home, runs away, and only comes home to die—a well-worn theme, with nothing new in the treatment. Chapter ii. tells how a drunken "soutar" on the verge of D.T. sees strange sights. Chapter iii. recounts how two old maids give a tea-party, and finding that the minister's wife cannot come at the last moment, fold up their best table-cloth and take out their old china. There is nothing intrinsically interesting in these facts, and the book cannot be praised.

Mr. Harland introduces his readers in *Mea Culpa* to a Russian prince, a Russian noble and his daughter, and a man who is half American and half French, and another man who is half Greek and half English. This, at least, is Mr. Harland's own account of his *dramatis personæ*; any one else would say that from first to last they were entirely American. Every one begins his sentences with "Why." A foreigner remarks, "I don't see but that you'll have to." The Russian noble, who has only left his native land and come to Paris under pressure of circumstances, observes (vol. ii. p. 52) that there is only a "slim chance" that somebody will be found at home, and neither the language of his daughter nor her demeanour suggests ever so faintly the Russian aristocratic type. It is also a pity that, as Mr. Harland insists so much on nationality, he has not been more successful with the spelling of his Russian names, instead of coming to grief over an Eastern and Western compromise. He uses perpetually, for example, the name of Paul Mikhailovitch Banakin, but he invariably spells the patronymic "Mikhaelovitch," which is absolutely unheard of. Nor is "Tsesarevitch" (vol. ii. p. 105) a more happy combination. "Tsarévitch" is the native form, and a Russian would probably completely fail to recognize the name of the well-known Stakes as we spell and pronounce it. The characters have an unequalled gift of language. The Russian Prince Leonticheff (who writes novels in English and talks like a cad) discourses (vol. ii. pp. 31-37) for six pages and a half, all about himself and the amount of his losses at cards. The Greco-English composer Annidis holds forth, with hardly any interruption, from p. 84 to 99 in the same volume, and on p. 167 "concludes" with an oration of ten pages. They are equally glib at their pens. In vol. iii. p. 12 there is a letter of eleven pages, and further on there is another of sixteen pages (described later as a "note"), while the last chapter consists exclusively in a letter from the French-American artist, Julian North. This man will be apt to worry the nervous into their graves, by his perpetual habit of circumventing his stammer by interposing the words "well then." "I have often seen you here, and wish . . .

* *One of Our Conquerors*. By George Meredith. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

In the Heart of the Storm. By Maxwell Gray. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul. 1891.

Kilmallie. By Henry Johnston. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

Mea Culpa. By Henry Harland. 3 vols. London: Heinemann. 1891.

A Lady of My Own. By Helen Prothero Lewis. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1891.

Dagmar. By Helen Shipton. London: Innes & Co. 1891.

well then, wish . . . well then, wished that I might know you" (vol. i. p. 96). "His mother was . . . well then . . . his mother was . . . well then . . . flogged to death" (vol. i. p. 100). He falls in love with the high-born Russian girl, conducts her and her father and old friend Annidis to see his picture in the Salon, of a "maiden mit nodings on" lying full length before the fire, reading a novel and smoking a cigarette. Nor seems he to think that there is anything odd either in one lady doing it, or in another lady going to see it; but, though such is not the author's intention, the scene prepares the reader for much that follows. North proposes, is accepted by the damsel, and rejected by her father on the score of poverty. He goes to America to try for a living, and neglects to communicate with his lady-love, who, after some time, consents to marry Prince Leonticheff. From this point the heroine, always unsympathetic, becomes perfectly odious. Her husband is violently in love with her, and does all he can to please her; but she repulses him rudely and unkindly, goads him into striking her, and, after declining all his attempts at reconciliation, grows to hate him more and more, till she finally begs her old lover to help her to be free. There is an awkwardness about this, as, only a few days previous, Leonticheff had been picked up at sea under peculiar circumstances by North himself. However, he does his best, picks a quarrel with the Prince, fights a duel with him, and shoots him dead. Here we suspect that Mr. Harland's patriotism comes into play, as it was much more probable that an idle man like the Prince should be in better practice than a hardworking artist, and should have shot him. The murderer is made miserable for life, but the charming heroine does not even pretend to care. She flies at once to her lover, and begs him to marry her as soon as possible, and cannot understand his refusal or his suicide. Yet no particular wrong (except a slap on the face, which she richly deserved) appears to have been done her by her husband to account for all this fury. Truly she is a Russian that needs very little "scratching." Unpleasant as they are, Mr. Harland's characters have reality; but he lacks a sense of proportion and a capacity to grasp the effect of his scenes on the minds of his readers. In fact, he needs to "chasten" himself all round, and when he has learnt that he may perhaps write a good story.

Miss Lewis has drawn a charming heroine in Persis Shipley, the *Lady of my Own*, and has invented for her an original death, as she is struck by lightning in a boat in her own lake before she is twenty; a proceeding that seems both cruel and unnecessary. Her husband, Sir Rupert, is rather needlessly rude and brutal, as he has married Persis for love, and the chivalrous Douglas Moore is a merely conventional figure, intended as a foil to Sir Rupert; but Dulcie Paget is vigorously sketched, and the Leverton Shipley, with his senseless practical jokes, is a pleasant boy. *A Lady of my Own* has altogether many merits, but it is far too long. There is too much description (and repetition) of scenes in the Tyrol, and when Miss Lewis gets herself to London, her blunders are grotesque. People do not "drive about in the most secluded parts of Kensington Gardens" (vol. ii. p. 98). They cannot drive in them at all; and they do not go to brilliant At Homes in the month of September, for nobody is there to give them. She is great in atmospheric phenomena, still it is strange to find dusk at 8.30 at the very end of September (vol. iii. p. 42), and almost as much so to find a day in October so hot, that it was impossible to stay indoors (vol. iii. 236). Such blemishes are small, but no author can afford to ignore them.

Dagmar is a harmless and artless little tale, which tells its own story from the very beginning.

THE STUARTS OF AUBIGNY.*

IN this interesting and daintily printed volume Lady Elizabeth Cust has given us a piece of Scottish family history treated in a manner that will please the historical student as well as satisfy the demands of the genealogist. The Stuarts of Aubigny, whose fortunes are traced here, played no inconsiderable part in the wars of France during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and their name or title occurs constantly in contemporary chronicles and memoirs, for one after another for several generations the Seigneurs d'Aubigny commanded the Scots Men-at-Arms or the Scots Guards in the service of the French kings. Their history is presented in these pages with the minute care necessary to good genealogical work, and at the same time with the brightness appropriate to a record of the deeds of a line of famous soldiers. First of that line stands Sir John Stuart of Darnley, fifth in descent from Alexander the High Steward of Scotland, great-grandfather of King Robert II., and an ancestor of our present sovereign, through the marriage of his descendant Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, with Mary Queen of Scots. At a time when the French crown was in the extremest peril, a few weeks after the murder of John, Duke of Burgundy, Sir John joined the expedition which was sent from Scotland to help the Dauphin. He took over with him a force which he maintained for about three years at his own expense; it was then taken into the King's pay, and finally grew into the two famous companies of the Scots Men-at-arms and the Scottish Archers of

the King's Body Guard. Sir John received the town of Aubigny on the Nerre in Berry for the good service which he did at Baugé, where the Duke of Clarence was slain and his army completely routed. He helped to defend the small portion of territory left to Charles VII., was wounded and taken prisoner at Crevant, defeated the Earl of Suffolk in Brittany, and lost his life in a successful attempt to rescue his brother William from the enemy in the battle of Rouvray. The example set by him and his men did much to restore confidence to the French and inspire them to drive the English out of their country. By Sir John's marriage with a daughter and co-heir of Duncan, Earl of Lenox, the estates and title of Lenox eventually came to the Stuarts of Darnley. His eldest son inherited his parents' lands in Scotland, and Aubigny went to his second son, John.

Under John's son, Bernard or Bérault, "the name of 'Stuart d'Aubigny' attained its highest military glory." In his youth Bernard fought against the Moors in Spain, and after his father's death commanded the French contingent in Henry of Richmond's army at Bosworth. He became Captain of the Scottish Archers of the Guard, and took a prominent part in the wars of Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I. in Italy. While commanding the army of Charles he defeated Gonsalvo de Cordova at Seminara, and when in the service of Louis sent him Federigo of Naples as a prisoner, and for a short time ruled Naples as the viceroy of the French king. After having been victorious in twelve pitched battles, and having never lost one, he was at last defeated by the Spaniards on nearly the same ground where, about eight years before, he had defeated "the great captain." Dunbar's elegy on Bernard, "the flour of chevelrie," will be found here. He died without children, and Aubigny passed to Robert, a grandson of the eldest son of Sir John Stuart of Darnley. Robert, "grant compaignon et parfaict amy" of the Chevalier Bayard, served with honour at the head of the Scots Guards in the wars in Italy, and was made one of the four Marshals of France, the "Cousins du Roi," as they were called. He either built or completed the existing château of La Verrerie, and lived there in much state, receiving as a marshal of France an allowance from the Crown for the maintenance of a guard of fifty men, with a captain, lieutenant, and ensign. On his death without issue he was succeeded by John Stuart, youngest son of John, Earl of Lenox, who was slain by Sir James Hamilton after the battle of Linnithgow. Robert the Marshal seems to have lived beyond his means, and his successor, John d'Aubigny, had the ill-luck to lose the captaincy of the Scots Guards, received no pension, and spent some three years in the Bastille, where he was sent on suspicion of being concerned in the treachery of his brother Matthew, Earl of Lenox, who abandoned the French party in Scotland. His son Esme, created Earl and Duke of Lenox by James VI., traced his descent through his mother, Anne de la Queulle, from Bernabo Visconti, Lord of Milan, and Beatrice della Scala; and his wife, Catharine de Balsac, came of the same illustrious stock. Esme's story is well known. The poor Lord of Aubigny rapidly became one of the richest and most powerful nobles in Scotland. In less than three years the Raid of Ruthven placed the King in the hands of Esme's enemies, and the Duke was driven from the country and died soon afterwards. His eldest son Ludovic, afterwards Duke of Lenox and Richmond, was the last Stuart of Aubigny that commanded the Scots Guards. Aubigny fell to Ludovic's younger brother, whose son George Stuart, ninth Seigneur d'Aubigny, married Catharine Howard—celebrated, Clarendon tells us, for her wit and skill in political intrigue. George brought a troop of horse to fight for his kinsman Charles I., and fell at Edgehill; being slain, so Clarendon says, it was believed, by one of his own officers—the rumour is not noticed here. His son Charles, sixth Duke of Lenox and Richmond, was the last of the Stuarts of Aubigny. By his death Charles II. and the Duke of York became the only surviving male descendants of Sir John Stuart of Darnley. Charles claimed Aubigny, and Louis XIV., who refused to allow that a reigning sovereign of another country could hold land in France, granted it with the title of Duchesse to Mme. de Kerouaille, and thus Aubigny and the dukedom came to the Dukes of Richmond of the present line. The château of Aubigny was confiscated during the Revolution and has been turned into the Hôtel de Ville; the château of La Verrerie was sold in 1842 to M. le Marquis de Vogué, who "has carefully preserved it in its original state." Lady Elizabeth Cust has had her book printed privately; we owe her thanks for sending it to us, and hope that those of our readers who take delight in Scottish family history may have the same good fortune as ourselves. Two genealogical tables illustrate—the one the descent of Esme Stuart and his wife from the Visconti, the other the pedigree of the Stuarts, Lords of Aubigny, and their relationship to the Royal House of Stuart, and the Stuarts of Lenox and Darnley.

FRENCH NOVELISTS.*

CLEVER Mrs. Cadwallader of *Middlemarch*, speaking, if we remember aright, of that arid personage, Mr. Casaubon, says that "somebody put a drop of his blood under a magnifying glass, and it was all semicolons and parentheses." She did not

* *Some Account of the Stuarts of Aubigny, in France.* By Lady Elizabeth Cust. London: privately printed at the Chiswick Press. 1891.

* *Essays on French Novelists.* By George Saintsbury. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

intend to be complimentary, and she was, as always, witty; but she unconsciously suggested an illustration which, in the recent discussions as to critics and their customs, might have been serviceably employed. Criticism, it might have been contended, is wholly a question of the composition of the blood; and the right critical blood depends entirely upon the nicely-balanced presence therein of what Mr. Earle, in his *English Prose*, rather oddly calls the "mechanical appliances of literature." If the critic be tamely and monotonously laudatory by nature, the microscope will generally reveal the fact that notes of admiration are too abundantly represented in his vital fluid; if, on the other hand, he be a confirmed and an inveterate carper—a "severe, sour-complexioned man," as Izaak Walton has it—then it is equally certain that notes of interrogation will be discovered in an overwhelming majority. If, again, he be a mere comparer of texts, a restless inquisitor of false concords and "split infinitives," Mr. Casaubon's "semicolons and parentheses" will probably be found to preponderate. These last, however, are of quite minor importance, provided a just balance is preserved between the notes of interrogation and admiration. In the best critics these will be found to be as nearly as possible equal—or, if there must be a difference, it will lean to virtue's side, and exhibit a slight excess in the notes of admiration. Discussing a gentleman's blood, even though it were done with the discretion of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, is a delicate matter; but if it were necessary to supply an illustration of the happy and desirable equipoise above indicated, we do not know that we could do better than cite the accomplished writer whose name heads this article. It is not so much that the range of Mr. Saintsbury's learning and experience is of the widest; it is not that he possesses in an eminent degree that comparative faculty upon which, as a prime element in true criticism, he himself has justly laid so much stress; it is that in connexion with, and in addition to, this indisputable and indispensable equipment, he possesses that most excellent gift of a fundamentally impartial critical attitude. No amount of good can blind him to the bad, if bad there be; no amount of bad will prevent him from noting the presence of good. According to his standard, criticism, to recall Fielding's fine panegyric of Lord Hardwicke, should "sit on its Throne in the Mind, like the Lord High Chancellor of this Kingdom in his Court," fulfilling its functions "with a Knowledge which nothing escapes, a Penetration which nothing can deceive, and an Integrity which nothing can corrupt." Thus, while he thoroughly acknowledges in M. Emile Zola "the naturalist Zeus, the dirt-compeller," though he denies him the "only two lasting qualities of literature, style and the artistic presentation of matter," he is perfectly willing to admit his "undoubted faculty of photographic representation," his verbal vigour, and even the unadulterated charm of such exceptional efforts as the *Attaque du Moulin*. He can admire, in M. Alphonse Daudet, the incomparable trilogy of *Tartarin de Tarascon* without forgetting, even in that, the imitation of Dickens, or ignoring the impurities of *Sapho*; he can compare the popularity of M. Georges Ohnet to the popularity of Mr. Lewis Morris without depreciating the manifest skill with which the former writer disposes and "revives" his little peep-show of commonplace; and, while he notes the "obsession of erotic ideas" in M. Paul Bourget and M. Guy de Maupassant, he fully recognizes the ability of both these latter-day representatives of novel-writing in France. This serenity of mental view, this entire absence of prejudice, is so rare, that one could wish it welcomed with the respect which it deserves; and with the saner sort of student it obtains that respect. But the ordinary reader is of prepossession all compact. He likes nothing so little as judicial impartiality; nothing so well as the criticism which noisily takes a side. For him the author examined must be either, like Goldsmith's racehorse, "Black-and-All-Black," or he must be White-and-All-White. If he likes him, he cannot bear to hear of his faults.

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

If, on the other hand, he hates him, he will hear of no merits. The worst enemy of the critic who criticizes is the uncritical reader.

All the papers in Mr. Saintsbury's volume, with one exception, have seen the light in the *Fortnightly Review*. But, even more than those in the preceding collection of *Essays in English Literature*, they fall easily, in their book form, into scheme and sequence. The opening essay on "The Present State of the French Novel" has, indeed, been almost entirely remodelled since it first appeared in 1888, so that it is now with propriety dated 1890. To this succeeds the study of Anthony Hamilton, which was published a few months ago, and, to the majority of readers, revealed in the author of *Le Belier* and *Fleur d'Épine*, an other-guess writer than the personage who held the pen in that "Bréviaire de la jeune noblesse," the notorious *Mémoires* of M. le Chevalier de Grammont—a writer not only with a charming style, but with a faculty for intricate story-weaving which is nothing less than extraordinary in an age when, as Mr. Saintsbury says excellently of Voltaire, "narrative is for the most part a mere vehicle which passengers enter and alight from without any regard to a concerted and coherent story." It may be noted, too, *en passant*, that Hamilton's clever *Relations Véritables de Différents Endroits d'Europe* seems to suggest the source from which Goldsmith derived one of the cleverest chapters in his *Chinese Letters*—that in which, according to his title, he reproduces "a specimen of a newspaper characteristic of the manners of different coun-

tries." After Hamilton comes a paper on Lesage, which was prepared for Mr. Nimmo's translation of *Gil Blas*, and which, in its separate form, has long been a desideratum to the book-collector. To these three follows the remarkable "Study of Sensibility" which dates from 1882—a paper concerning which, looking to the ground covered and the knowledge involved, it may safely be affirmed that few English critics could have written it. It traces from its slender source the thin stream of those *lymphæ loquaces* which trickled first in the *Princesse de Clèves* of Mme. de la Fayette; flowing then with turns and divagations innumerable through Mme. de Fontaines; through Mme. de Tencin's *Malheurs de l'Amour*; through that *Histoire de Marianne* of Marivaux which once, on the authority of Macaulay, was numbered among the "hundred best books"; through the *Histoire du Marquis de Cressy* of Mme. Riccoboni; through Mme. de Genlis's *Mademoiselle de Clermont*; to die away at last, with fresh admixtures and under new conditions, in the *Adolphe* of Benjamin Constant and the stories of Xavier de Maistre. It is a paper of the keenest interest, and so "matterful" as to suggest that the subject, assuming that its developments in England and Germany could also be traced, might well supply the motive for a separate volume.

The remaining contents of the book more exactly conform to its title. They are a series of eight articles on modern French novelists, first prepared in 1878 at the suggestion of Mr. John Morley—a series of which the republication has often been requested. By Mr. Morley's desire these papers included a certain measure of translated extract, a condition not complied with without an equivalent sacrifice of analysis and criticism proper, which is Mr. Saintsbury's "haunt and main region"; but no reasonable reader can wish that undone which would have deprived us of the admirable rendering of Gautier's *Morte Amoureuse*, or the scarcely less sympathetic version of Murger's *Amours d'un Grillon et d'une Etincelle*. In the article on Alexandre Dumas, however, there is no translation, chiefly, it appears, because no moderate extract could possibly do justice to the incomparable Alexandre. But this accident leaves Mr. Saintsbury all the more free for some pertinent deliverances upon Dumas and his ghosts, upon Dumas as compared with Gautier, and upon the common madness of those who demand from one writer the qualities of another. "Such people (he says) ask Gautier for a series of moral tales, Flaubert for a harmony in rose-pink and sky-blue, Sandeau for a sensational novel, Charles de Bernard for a study in Parisian back-slums, Murger for silver-fork details and accurate acquaintance with the ways of high life." On Gautier, too, Mr. Saintsbury is well worth hearing, especially as to *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and "Théo's" wonderful style. But the studies to which we are most attracted—chiefly, it is probable, because the authors treated happen to be special favourites of our own—are those on Charles de Bernard and Henry Murger. That on Murger is one of the very best "appreciations" we have ever read; and the chapter on Charles de Bernard, with its analysis of *Un Homme Sérieux* (only second in our memory to the delightful *Gentilhomme Campagnard*), and the admirable "short story" of *Le Genre* (familiar on the English stage as *Still Waters Run Deep*), will make better known a writer whose note of distinction, if nothing else, should keep his memory green. We do not remember whether Mr. Saintsbury quotes any of the quiet epigrams which are so frequent in Charles de Bernard's work. "Il devint l'ami de la maison dans toute la perfidie du mot," for example, deserves remembrance, if only for its inevitable suggestion of a page of recent political history.

For Sandeau (which includes some pages on the growth of "Naturalism"), Feuillet, Flaubert, and Cherbuliez we must refer the reader to the author himself. Indeed, to attempt to schedule, in a column and three-quarters, a volume so rich in material and so stimulating in suggestion, is a mere impertinence. Those who wish to hear what a contemporary critic, at once brilliant and impartial, has to say of the Modern French Novel, should hasten to consult Mr. Saintsbury's book.

THE BOATING-MAN'S VADE MECUM.*

THE Boating-man's Vade Mecum is a painstaking attempt to gather into one volume every conceivable piece of information connected with boats, without too nice a discrimination as to whether it is likely to be of service to the person for whose use it is primarily designed—the man who sails a boat or tiny yacht on the River Thames and its estuary. Though this is nowhere explicitly stated, a careful perusal of the book leads one inevitably to the conclusion that the person for whom it is written is presumed to live in London, and that the scene of his adventures is bounded by Margate on the south and Harwich on the north. Remarks about the polar and equatorial currents, &c., we believe to be inserted "with intent to deceive," as the City man with a taste for salt- or fresh-water is not likely to have much to do with them. There is a chapter on camping-out, which, Mr. Winn remarks, "may be of the greatest value to those who contemplate a residence in unsettled countries." The paradise of the English camper-out is the sandy desert about Felixstow; and there, and in a few similar places, he can play at Robinson Crusoe. But there are but few days in the year when it is

* *The Boating-man's Vade Mecum*. By William Winn. With illustrations by the Author. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

pleasant or safe to entrust one's self to the mercy of the weather in a small tent, and the difficulty of carrying sufficient stores generally causes the greater part of the time of the campers to be spent in journeys in search of food. The ideal of such men would be the river expeditions of which one reads in North America, where the voyagers only find it necessary to take a canoe, a tent, a fishing-rod, and a frying-pan; but in civilized England, where every inch of land is claimed by somebody or other, camping-out seems out of place.

There is much truth in Mr. Winn's pathetic complaint that, unless a man can afford to keep a paid hand to look after his boat, he will be entirely dependent on his friends for a crew, and in the capacity of owner "you will be expected to precede your visitors to the landing-stage, to clean and get the boat ready, and to be in waiting to receive them at the last moment. After the trip you will be left to stow the sails and make all snug after landing your crew ashore." When to this is added the privilege of paying all expenses, it will be seen that an amateur crew has little advantage over a hired professional one, not to mention the amateur's habit of deserting you in distant harbours, and leaving you to get the boat home as best you can. No wonder that Mr. Winn remarks that the expenses of keeping a sailing yacht have been very much underrated, and that he "is joined by many boating men in mournful contemplation of the difference between actual and estimated cost."

The first thing for a man to do is to decide what he wants, and what amount of time and money he can set aside for the pursuit of his favourite amusement. If he is a fisherman, he will merely regard a boat as a means of reaching his fishing-ground, and will take no further interest in it. If, on the other hand, he really takes a delight in sailing, there are plenty of places besides the Thames where he can indulge it, and they all have the advantage of being far cheaper. The great system of Yorkshire rivers which meet in the Humber, or the equally extensive "Bedford Level," with its outlying water-ways to Peterborough, Northampton, Bedford, and so forth, will enable an enthusiast to sail for many miles unimpeded by bridges or locks, and yet not always without a mild spice of adventure. He can do on these rivers all that he can do on the fashionable Norfolk Broads, or on the shallow upper Thames, and he has an infinitely wider space wherein to disport himself. Should he prefer salt water to fresh—or brackish—there is a custom, which we observe seems to be gaining ground, for some half-dozen amateurs to hire a whole-some coasting ketch, or even a smart Thames sailing barge, and cruise for a month or two in the Channel or on the South Coast. Such a vessel, if she has heretofore been employed in carrying clean cargoes, can be made very comfortable in a rough way; her main hold, with a deal table and a sufficiency of Windsor chairs, makes a far roomier saloon than will be found in the lordliest schooner yacht, and she will be able to put to sea in weather which would confine the little six or eight tonner to harbour. By this means the amateur gets a complete change, most of the advantages of a yacht, is able to put into a French harbour or two, or to run to the Isle of Wight, or the Channel Islands, and yet has a very different bill to pay from that of a man who hires a veritable yacht. Besides, in the words of Herbert Pocket in *Great Expectations*, "You are on board of a boat, you know, and you look about you."

In a book of this sort one cannot expect a very elaborate treatise on knots, and Mr. Winn passes somewhat hurriedly over this attractive subject, truly remarking that one can learn them best by oral instruction. We object to his description of a "Carrick bend"; the figure which he has drawn is really a "prolong," known in heraldry as a "Wake" knot, and in its next development of complexity becomes the so-called Chinese knot, where the strands are crossed twice. When they are crossed many times the result is a flat mat, which, when worked in small string, makes an admirable kettle-holder; but a true "Carrick bend," with which large hawsers are joined together, is differently made, and requires to have the ends seized down to make it hold. Neither have we ever seen a "Norfolk sloop" such as he figures in his plate of various rigs. Speaking of Norfolk, what a pity it is that the graceful latteen rig should have gone out of fashion! We also join issue with Mr. Winn on the subject of anchoring a small sailing yacht; for, by his method, the anchor must be unshackled and the shackle screwed up again every time the vessel is brought up, the result of which would be to make the shackle bolt work so easily that it would some day come undone, and leave the anchor at the bottom. His illustrations, too, for which he bespeaks indulgence, are somewhat confused, and his style is occasionally far from clear; for instance, we have read his description of how to hoist a lug sail without a "traveller" (p. 133) several times, and do not yet understand it. The men to whom such books as these are most interesting are those who need them least, yet there is a vast mass of useful information here imbedded in padding, such as Y. R. A. Racing Rules, signal codes, &c., which are useless to beginners. Like Johnson's Dictionary in the old story, the book is "rather disconnected reading"; one misses the delightful chat and the "Now, Mr. Tyro," of dear old "Vanderdecken"; yet we think that it is a good book of its kind, because the writer seems to have personal experience of all the subjects of which he treats, and the would-be "Corinthian" cannot do better than give it a place on his shelves.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

"ITALY," says the Countess Martinengo, "was not made by three or four great geniuses; she was made, because in every province, in every city, there were those who preferred the exile of martyrdom to the bread of slavery." She therefore gives us, in her "Portraits of Italian Patriots" (1), not only those famous lives that are the common property of civilized humanity—such as Bettino Ricasoli and Daniel Manin—but those of Settembrini, Mameli, Bassi, Bixio, and Cairoli, who did the simple duty nearest to them, drawing their every breath in the national cause, and leaving to the country they had helped to build the legacy of "a high example." The author deprecates the contrasts presented by the ten or twelve types she would hold up to national veneration. "The lava of Etna," says the Countess Martinengo, "is not more unlike the Alpine snows than are the diverse temperaments and idiosyncrasies of these men, who in the hour of danger knew how to sacrifice their very discords to the common cause—wherein I do not hesitate to place their highest merit. If," she adds, "it be true that the unification of Italy is born of the union of Italians of all sorts and conditions, it is no less true that it can be undone by the sole possibility of their forgetting that there is something higher than faction, more sacred than party." These essays, bright, vivid, decorously colloquial without ever lapsing into triviality, bringing before us as they do the latter-day heroes of Italy, "not in the light of far-off altars, but as household friends," are excellently calculated to keep alive the sacred fire the Countess Martinengo would have her readers tend.

Signor Antonio Barrili's last novel, *Scudi e corone* (2), is one of those agreeable substitutes for a sleeping-draught to which he has so long accustomed us. One reads all about the five-franc pieces amassed in America by Signor Mariano da Costa; the coronets worn, even in their beds, by his wife, Donna Juana Villafior y Fuentes, the Baron Ceretti, and the Count Nalli di Roverasca (suitors to his daughter), by the Marchesa di Vernara, the fatal beauty who persists in wasting her unholy love on the Count Nalli di Roverasca, and by the Marchese di Montignano, jocose mentor to the unheroic hero, with a chastened curiosity as to what they are all driving at. It appears to us gratuitous, if not improbable, that the Marchesa di Vernara should have followed her ex-admirer, the Count Nalli di Roverasca, so far as Liguria, for the sake of watching his pursuit of the millions of Rosita, daughter of Mariano da Costa. Nor do we understand why Rosita, in love, as behoves a heroine, with the hero, Signor Cinzio Rivini, should try to kill herself with a poisoned arrow, when jilted by the Count Nalli di Roverasca, whom she does not love. When the news comes from America that Signor Mariano da Costa has lost every cent of the millions so much admired by the family and friends of Roverasca, the Countess Dowager of Roverasca hastens to take back the precious gift of her son's hand. When the news arrives that Signor da Costa's fortune is intact, the convenient Marchese di Montignano inspires Cinzio Rivini with the courage to propose to Rosita, and a no less convenient Dr. Machiavelli cures Rosita of the envenomed arrow, and all goes as merry as a marriage bell;—the bell, in fact, of Rosita and Cinzio's wedding, wherewith the book closes, for those whose eyes have not closed before this desirable end is attained.

Signor D. Ciampolli's *Fra le selve* (3) has the fresh, invigorating savour that rises from the mountains, the gorges, and the valleys of the Abruzzi; and something more, the charm of his manner of seeing and describing them. It is pleasant to meet again with his personages, chosen amidst so proud and simple-minded, so hardy, laborious, and pious a people; and to find that his hand has not lost the cunning that touches the key-note of our pity for their extraordinary ignorance, their poverty, and their very crimes.

The fifth volume of that invaluable contribution to history, the *Letters and Documents of Baron Bettino Ricasoli* (4), dates from the 23rd of March, 1860, to the 12th of June, 1861. The preface, by Signor Gotti, is nothing more than a parallel between Cavour and Ricasoli. It would appear to us that no two characters could be more dissimilar than those of these two famous statesmen, whose great unlikeness is enhanced by an occasional and accidental likeness, born rather of circumstance than of temperament. Neither would we infer that the life of Cavour pales in interest before that of Ricasoli, although this may not be the time nor the place to study it. If Ricasoli never wholly identified himself with the Parliament he led—for he neither allowed his identity to be absorbed by it, nor drew his strength from it, nor pursued his aim by the oblique side ways of party politics—it may not be said of him that he had no Parliamentary history. The speeches of 1860-61, by which he insured its lawful status to the Garibaldian army, upheld the dignity and rights of government, and healed the breach that might have been so fatal both to King and Liberator, are in themselves a veritable Parliamentary monument. This volume includes the record of the cession of Nice to France; the speeches,

(1) *Patriotti italiani*. Ritratti. Della Contessa Evelina Martinengo. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(2) *Scudi e corone*. Romanzo di Antonio Barrili. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(3) *Fra le selve*. Di D. Ciampolli. Catania: Giannotta.

(4) *Lettere e documenti di Bettino Ricasoli*. Pubblicati per cura di Marco Tabarrini e Aurelio Gotti. Firenze: Successori Le Monnier.

or quotations from the speeches, of Ricasoli, Garibaldi, Cavour, and a rising deputy named Francesco Crispi; of the work of Ricasoli as Governor of Tuscany, his correspondence during this tenure with the Ministers of the Crown, and (after the death of Cavour on June 6, 1861) the formation by Ricasoli of a new Cabinet.

Scritti e discorsi politici di Francesco Crispi, 1849-1890 (5), are divided into two parts. The first contains his collected writings from 1849 to 1876; the second, his non-Parliamentary speeches, beginning from 1865; five "Eulogiums," two commemorations (*Il Vespro* and *I Mille*), and two lectures on art given on the occasions of the opening of the Exhibitions of Venice and Bologna. *Gli Elogi* are those of Florestano Pepe, Francesco Paolo de Blasi, Giuseppe Garibaldi, Vittorio Emanuele, and Marco Minghetti. The *Scritti*, printed in the order of their date, collected far and wide from pamphlets, reviews, and newspapers published during the latter half of this century, are entitled as follows:—*Ultimi casi della rivoluzione siciliana, esposti con documenti da un testimone oculare*—*Studi su le istituzioni comunali*—*Il comune in Piemonte*—*Ordinamenti politici delle Due Sicilie*—*Dei diritti della corona d'Inghilterra su la chiesa di Malta*—*La spedizione dei mille: Diario*—*Repubblica e monarchia*—*Lettera a G. Mazzini*—*I doveri del gabinetto del 25 marzo 1876*. It were futile, in these early days, to attempt a formal estimate of the merits or shortcomings of one of the foremost of contemporary Italian statesmen. But none will deny the interest of this record of some of his work as a link in the chain of affairs that within a few years have so singularly changed the aspect of European policy.

The posthumous work of Vittorio Imbriani, *Gli Studi Danteschi* (6), has been received with a sympathetic respect, which, perhaps because of a certain intemperate harshness in controversy that must have nettled his contemporaries, was not always accorded to this conscientious man of letters in his lifetime. These Dantesque studies present, amid the tangle of wearisome digression and idle divagation, many a new or well-corroborated document. It will be remembered that Imbriani was the first Italian to proclaim that Brunetto Latini was not the master of Dante. Fauriel had doubted it before him; Sundry had doubted; but Imbriani, who at the time he wrote exhaustively on this subject was unacquainted with their researches, demonstrated more clearly and completely than either what is now an article of faith among the historians of Italian literature. If Signor Imbriani has not succeeded in establishing the age of the author of the *Divina Commedia* at the moment he wrote its first verse, nor in turning the hypothesis into a fact that the *Canzoni pietose* were inspired rather by his sister-in-law, Pietra Brunacci, than by the fair Paduan, Pierina degli Scrovegni, he has done much to crystallize his own high and vivid conception of the great Tuscan's personality, and furnished many an ingenious comment on what to many is still enigmatic in his work.

A new edition of the prose works of Leopardi (7) is edited by Signor G. Mestica. It is a work of exquisite patience, an improvement even on those editions (the Milanese of 1837 and the Florentine of 1834) to which the author gave his sanction and some aid in revision. The superb edition of Leopardi's verse, edited by Signor Mestica in 1886, was a fitting preparation for this happy but arduous enterprise.

In the preface to the new edition of Signor Villari's *Historical Essays* (8) he confesses that "the science of history makes such rapid progress, we ourselves are so changed by the passage of time, that in attempting the correction of our own work, we ought either to do it all over again or to renounce a new edition of it." "Still," he adds, "it is not always useless to study the lines on which a writer has progressed, the road by which he has arrived at his conclusions." We may add that it is delightful to follow this road in the wake of so clear and lucid an exponent. Two of the essays included in this volume—*Il comune di Roma nel medio evo* and *I Rimini e i Malatesta*—were contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xx., Edinburgh, 1886.

ANCIENT DEEDS.*

IN this volume Mr. Maxwell Lyte, the Deputy Keeper of the Records, gives us the first fruits of the labours of himself and his assistants in a new field. In his preface, which, short as it is, fulfils all the needs of a student, he speaks of the vast number of ancient deeds, collected from various repositories, such as the Chapter House, Westminster, the Office of the Court of Augmentations, and the Rolls Chapel, which have been brought into the Public Record Office, uncatalogued, many wholly unsorted, and the rest arranged imperfectly and on different systems. Owing to the almost insuperable difficulties which would attend any attempt to catalogue these deeds on a perfectly satisfactory

plan, it has been determined simply to take all those derived from a single repository together, to number them just as they come to hand, and to give a short description of each. The present volume contains parts of three series. We have descriptions of 1,819 deeds belonging to the Treasury of the Receipt of the Exchequer, from the Chapter House at Westminster, which form "Series A," of 1,798 from the Court of Augmentations, "Series B," and of 1,780, "Series C," from the Tower and the Rolls Chapel. Each of these series will be continued in later volumes, and catalogues of other series are also in preparation. The excellent indexes of Places and Persons with which the volume is furnished render it perfectly easy to find your needle in this huge bundle of hay, and the student need not therefore be alarmed at the surrender of any attempt at arrangement. Still we do not see why an utter surrender was necessary; it would not have been difficult to have arranged in each volume the deeds of the same series with some approach to chronological order; it would have been perfectly easy to have arranged them according to counties. We do not say that either plan would have facilitated research, but either would have given a more workmanlike appearance to the Catalogue. The deeds are of different kinds, mostly grants of land, releases, and demises; some are agreements on various matters, and there are a very few wills. As far as we can judge without the originals, the deeds are well described; the abstracts are given in English, the originals being mostly in Latin, though a few are in French or English. The more important facts of each document are briefly set out, and there is no waste of words. We observe that Mr. Salisbury, to whom, under the supervision of the Deputy Keeper, the preparation of the catalogue of Series A has been entrusted, has found more points worth recording in his deeds than either of his fellow-workers, and any one who turns over the leaves of this volume leisurely, as we have done, will find himself lingering every now and then over some bit in Mr. Salisbury's work. Among the earliest deeds that we have noticed are a grant by Geoffrey de Mandeville, second Earl of Essex, to the canons of Holy Trinity, London, which falls between 1144 and 1169, a certificate of confirmation of a charter to the same church by King Stephen, two deeds relating to a grant also to the same church by Hubert, son of Richard de Anesti, and a confirmation of certain liberties of St. Albans by Richard I. This charter of Richard I., to which a reference will be found in the *Gesta Abbatum*, ii. 35, was the renewal of one "under our first seal, which, because it has since been lost, and while we were captive in Germany was given into the power of another, has been changed." We have also marked two deeds, A 1222, 1223, creating corrodies in the Abbey of Ramsey; and another, A 1724, rehearsing an arrangement between the canons of Holy Trinity, London, and Wymarcia, widow of Hugh Peverel, by which, in 1270, the lady gave up her property to the convent, receiving "weekly during her life four white cakes and seven gallons of conventual beer, three servitors' loaves and seven gallons of inferior (*secundæ*) beer, a dish of pottage daily, and 4s. at Christmas for clothing." An arrangement of the same nature, though securing an ampler allowance and with more elaborate provisions, made by the canons of Erdbury, Warwickshire, in 1485, will be found in B 1498. To return to series A, two agreements of the reign of Henry III., by which William, Earl of Warren, secured certain rights of sport in Shropshire, are of some interest. Several notices of converted Jews (*Conversi*) will be found here and there, as in No. 1651. The date 1525 given to No. 238 is, we imagine, a misprint, perhaps for 1255; the deed contains a demise of land for ten years with power to sublet to any but "religiosi" or Jews. Apart from this provision the spelling of the names borne by the parcels of land and the forms under which the witnesses are described suggest the thirteenth rather than the sixteenth century. Lastly, C 1507, a deed of 29 Hen. VIII., presents a curious award drawn up by two arbitrators between Sir John Byron, who was, we apprehend, the grantee of Newstead, and Sir Nicholas Strelley. Sir Nicholas was to pay a servant of Sir John named Greenhill 53s. 4d. in satisfaction for "hurts and mayme to him given," and the two knights were "to stay at each other's houses twice yearly during the next three years to 'hunt and passe the tyme togeder famylyerly, and to declare and open theyre myndes ayther to oder.'"

THE CHILD AND HIS BOOK.*

THERE is very much less about the Child than about his Book in this work, and it should be understood that in saying this we are criticizing the title and not the book; for if the latter had dealt as fully with the condition of children during the many centuries noticed as with their literature, the volume would have been extended to an inconvenient length. The range which the author allows herself is from the time of the Druids to the year 1826. That year, she tells us, is "not an entirely arbitrary limit." "It is chosen because about that time *The Child's Guide to Knowledge* marked a new departure, and awakened a new interest in this sphere of work." Whether the particular book and the particular year for closing a history of juvenile literature, extending over the greater part of

(5) *Scritti e discorsi politici di Francesco Crispi*. Roma: Unione Cooperativa Editrice.

(6) *Gli studi Danteschi*. Di Vittorio Imbriani. Firenze: Sansoni.

(7) *Le prose originali di G. Leopardi*. Nuova edizione corretta su stampe e manoscritti, a cura di G. Mestica. Firenze: Barbèra.

(8) *Saggi storici e critici*. Di P. Villari. Bologna: Zanichelli.

* *A Descriptive Catalogue of Ancient Deeds in the Public Record Office*. Prepared under the superintendence of the Deputy Keeper of the Records. Vol. I. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

* *The Child and his Book: some Account of the History and Progress of Children's Literature in England*. By Mrs. E. M. Field. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co. 1891.

the Christian era, are aptly chosen may be open to question. Undoubtedly *The Child's Guide to Knowledge* was a step in advance of the other children's books of its day; but we scarcely think that that step was of such prodigious width as to warrant the author in making the book, as it were, the principal landmark in children's literature. She considers that her inquiry ranges over four distinct eras; the first began in Saxon times, and ended with the invention of printing; the second began with the printing-press and lasted till the days of the Puritans; the third was the Puritanical period; the fourth began when the Puritanical spirit had exhausted itself by excessive zeal, and England had settled down into a condition of calm prosperity. In the first period, children's literature was exclusively instructive, and their teachers were usually monks; in the second, their books were also instructive, and they were remarkable for a classical revival; the third introduced the emblem, the controversial dialogue, and the stories of the precocious child who died young, and the fourth sank into the dull, dry, moral tale. To each of these periods Mrs. Field assigns a close coincident with a great crisis in the history of the nation; to the first, the decay of feudalism and the establishment of the House of Tudor upon the throne; to the second, the fall of the Stuarts; to the third, the end of the Jacobite rebellion, the beginning of the rise of the middle classes, and the internal pacification of the country; to the fourth, the accession of the middle classes to power and the passing of the Reform Bill. By the way, the Reform Bill was not passed by the end of Mrs. Field's fourth period—i.e. 1826; but we will not quarrel with her about that.

As might be supposed, the earliest book that is assigned to the child is the Latin Grammar. Boys' Latin Grammars for several centuries were mere text-books compiled from the larger works of Donatus and Priscian, and they were commonly known by the name of *Donates* or *Donets*, a term which occurs in *Piers Plowman*. The word grammar, on the contrary, was used more in connexion with Latin studies generally; and science, as well as even magical power, was sometimes spoken of as grammar. A very commonly used school-book in monasteries seems to have been the *Consolations of Philosophy* (in the original, of course), by Boethius, of which at least a fragment "would most probably be found even in the most meagre convent library." The earliest book in existence written expressly for boys is here stated to be Aldhelm's *De Septenario, de Metris, Enigmatibus, ac Pedum Regulis*, which probably appeared about the end of the seventh century. A great part of it consists of dialogues between teacher and pupil, in the style which was still popular in the first half of the present century, and may be found in such works as Mrs. Markham's *History*. The Venerable Bede is also claimed as a writer for the young. A lesson-book for children is attributed to Alcuin, and it contains questions on arithmetic which are said to be found even in some current school-books. Here is a specimen of them:—"An old man met a child. 'Good day, my son,' says he; 'may you live as long as you have lived, and as much more, and thrice as much as all this; and if God give you one year in addition to the others, you will be just a century old.' What was the lad's age?" The first book given to his people in English by Alfred the Great was the already-mentioned *Consolations of Philosophy*, to which he added *The Universal History of Orosius*, a very favourite book in monastery schools. In the tenth century, Ælfric, "the grammarian," wrote a *Colloquy*, intended as a reading-book to help boys to speak Latin. It consists of conversations about everyday life. In one place a boy is made to say that he is too young to eat meat; but he was not too young to drink beer, as he says that he drinks ale, "if he can get it." In the same century appeared a book on astronomy for children, as well as a map, now preserved in the British Museum, "less incorrect and having fewer fabulous countries than some made later."

Alexander Neckham wrote an easy Latin reading-book for boys about the end of the twelfth century, and the popular history of *Guy of Warwick* is probably almost as old, if not older. After the Norman Conquest, "With very rare exceptions, English was not thought worthy of being written till the middle of the fourteenth century." Soon after the latter date a number of works were written in English, such as Mandeville's *Travels*, Chaucer's *Astrolabe*, and Langland's *Piers Plowman*. Rhymed treatises for children began to appear in England early in the fifteenth century. In "How the Good Wyf taught hir Doughtir," a poem ascribed to Lydgate, dating from 1430 to 1440, the girl is told not to swear, nor "be ofte drunke." A very famous book called *The Booke of the Enseynments & Teachyngs that the Knyght of the Toure made to his Doughtir*, a work translated from the French, was published by Caxton, who says of it in his preface, "Emong al other this book is a special doctryne & techyng by which al yong gentylwymen specially may lerne to bihave themself virtuously." We have not room to dwell upon those very ancient children's favourites, the *Histories of King Arthur*, *Robin Hood*, *Fair Rosamond*, and *Tom Hickathrift*. One of the most popular books written before the invention of printing was the *Gesta Romanorum*. Some most interesting details are given of this work; but as it cannot be strictly called a child's book, we will not dwell upon them. One of the early books published by Caxton was a translation of St. Anselm's *Elucidarium*, or *The Lucydarye*, in which the "chylde" is taught to "knowe of noblesse sperrytuall." A quaint little tract for children, entitled *The wyse Chylid of thre yere old*, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, about the end of the fifteenth century.

Although, as we said at the beginning of this review, less is said about the Child in this work than about his Book, a chapter is devoted to "The Child In England." It gives a good description of the system which so long prevailed in this country, of putting out children as apprentices among the middle, and as pages or bower-maidens among the upper classes. Another chapter, headed "Manners Makyth Man," also tells us something of the habits of the children of past days, but here his Book is called into requisition to describe the Child. It may surprise some people to find Books of Etiquette of the fifteenth century. *The Boke of Curtanye* is one of these. It tells the "young enfaunt" not to "sup with grete sowndyng," nor to "spit on the table." Caxton printed, and possibly may have written, a *Lytil new instruction to a lytil chylde*, which he describes as "playn in sentence but playnere in language." The boy is recommended to be "a goodly chylde," lest he should come in for a "bercheley" and "brecheles" punishment. Erasmus wrote *De Civilitate Morum Puerilium*, in which a "chylde of noble bloude" is told not to lick the dishes at meals, as to do so is "the propertie of cates."

The chapter on A B C has a long description of the Horn Book, so called because it consisted of a piece of paper bearing the alphabet in two characters, thirty syllables, the Invocation of the Trinity and the Lord's Prayer, placed in an oak frame with a handle, and a thin piece of horn laid over the surface. The author does not think that the true Horn Book is older than the latter part of the sixteenth century. So highly are Horn Books now prized by collectors that the slips of printed paper for four Horn Books in one piece, without any frame, sold for 15s. in 1879. A much earlier form of alphabet than the Horn Book was a mechanical contrivance called the Criss-Cross-Row. In this the letters were strung upon wire, something on the principle of the familiar bead counting-frames. It is of this that Shakspeare says—

He from the cross row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be.

An alphabet for educational purposes used also to be introduced into the prayer-book known as *The Primer*. A folding card, called a Battle-Dore, succeeded the Horn Book. It contained the alphabet, numerals, easy reading lessons, and a few woodcuts. Some of these Battle-Dores were published by Dean & Son, as late as 1840. In the sixteenth century "A Right Godly and Christian A B C," in rhyme, made its appearance. Some quotations from it given in this book are exceedingly quaint. "A apple pie" was a familiar nursery rhyme even two centuries ago, and its "origin seems to be lost in the clouds of antiquity." Passing over a number of tempting lesson-books for children, we may notice—*A delysious surpe newly claryfied for yonge scholers yt thurst for the swete lycore of Laten speche*, which was published in 1569, as well as a book by Skelton, the poet-laureate, intended for young people "emboldened with the fly-blown blast of the moche vayne-gloryous pipplyng wind, whan they have delectably lycked a lytell of the lycorous electurry of lusty lernyng in the moche studious scholehouse of scrupulous philology."

A chapter on "The fear of the Lord and the Broomstick" deals with children's literature in the days of the Puritans. James Janeway was one of the leading writers for the young in that period. After him came Thomas White, in one of whose books, published in 1702, "A was an Archer" appears for the first time. This writer makes a child of eight weep inconsolably because he has told a lie, the lie consisting in saying that he felt cold when he was not quite certain whether he was so. Among old books much read by children were Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and consequently they receive notice here; yet they were not, strictly speaking, children's books; neither were *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels*, for that matter. Everybody may not be aware that John Bunyan wrote a book of poems for children. It is in this style:—

The Egg, when laid, by Warmth is made a Chicken,
And Christ, by Grace, those dead in Sin doth quicken.

Mrs. Field quotes several instances of nursery classics which had as their authors celebrated writers. *Goody Two Shoes* was probably, she thinks, by Goldsmith; *The Three Bears* was by Southey; *The Butterfly's Fall* was by a grave statistician, Roscoe of Liverpool; *Bluebeard* was by Perrault, and the name of a living mathematician, who has written a most popular book for the young, will at once occur to the reader's mind in that of the author of *Alice in Wonderland*. In the seventeenth century a quantity of books for children appeared which were remarkable for their prim and ponderous moral teaching. A good specimen of these is *Parental Solitude*. "Let us retire," says a husband to his wife, in this improving book, "from art and dissimulation to where Nature in some degree speaks the language of the heart—to our country residence." There they teach their servants "to support their humble lot with resignation," and their children to "peruse with taste the volume of Nature, wherein the thorn, the rill, the mountain, the lake, suggest some moral analogy," which they should "apply with happy success." Thomas Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, was "an ardent Rousseauist." In the little literary coterie at Lichfield, of which he was the head, he had much to do with the formation of the mind of the afterwards celebrated daughter of his friend Edgeworth. Maria Edgeworth's father meddled terribly with her writing, and probably did much to hamper it;

but he originated the idea of "Harry and Lucy." The *Child's Catechism* of Dr. Watts was popular until a recent period; indeed, it was the first catechism that was put into the hands of the writer of this review. We cannot quite agree with Mrs. Field that Dr. Watts's

What if the Lord grow wroth and swear
While I refuse to read and pray?

"will bear comparison even with Keble's poem" on the same subject in *Lyra Innocentium*. Of Mrs. Barbauld, the author of *Easy Lessons* and the joint author of *Evenings at Home*, De Quincey says that her *Hymns in Prose* "left upon his childish recollection a deep impression of solemn beauty and simplicity." Mrs. Trimmer, the author of *The History of the Robins*, with the Dicksy, Flapsy, and Pecksy beloved by small children, also wrote a number of other juvenile books, which are now almost forgotten. Mary Wollstonecraft wrote many well-known books for the young, as well as her *Vindication of the Rights of Women*. Mary Pilkington wrote a long string of children's moral tales, at least one of which contained woodcuts by Thomas Bewick, who was an illustrator of books for young people as well as for old. Among other artists of note who drew for juvenile works at the end of the eighteenth or the beginning of the present century were William Blake, Thomas Stothard, and Mulready. Perhaps the most typical children's book of a generation or two ago was Mrs. Sherwood's *The Fairchild Family*. We read here that its popular and prolific author only received 5*l.* for *Little Henry and his Bear*, a little book that not only had an enormous circulation in England, but was translated into many languages, including Chinese. *Peter Parley*, begun by Goodrich, was practically the production of several writers. We come now to the goal—*The Child's Guide to Knowledge*—and if we do not with the author regard it as essentially the turning point in juvenile literature, we are obliged to admit that it went through thirty-nine editions in about as many years. It was not without regret that we arrived at the last page of *The Child and his Book*, a work which has a fair claim to be considered a useful contribution to the history of literature.

AN AMERICAN WALTON.*

AN American edition of Walton and Cotton, edited by Dr. Bethune, contains many additional notes, an appendix on American sport, and bibliographical disquisitions. American angling clubs appear to have arrangements like those on Loch Leven. The fishers are often dwellers in tents; they suffer much from mosquitoes. But, at least in 1843, they caught trout of nearly ten pounds in weight; while one of fifteen pounds was taken in the following year. Deer were also taken by cheyving them in boats on the loch. We cannot praise the diversion of gaffing a stag. The lake trout, one of which weighed twenty-four pounds, were chiefly taken by trolling. We can beat this trout with two of thirty-six pounds each, taken in one day on the river at Rannoch. They are stuffed, and stand at the Bun Rannoch Hotel to witness if we lie. Long Island has some happy fishing waters; a trout of near five pounds was captured with a mouse for bait. The author says that the fish seldom exceed two or three pounds in weight, "and never compare in size with the fish taken in England, and still less with those of the Scotch and Irish waters," where he believes that trout of ten pounds are often got with fly. This is a complete mistake. We never heard of a ten-pound yellow trout being taken with fly in Scotland. The average is a great deal more like six to the pound in open rivers. The *Salmo ferox*, whatever his exact place in the fishy kingdom may be, is hardly ever caught except by trolling. The Coquet bull-trout, an enigmatic brute, is hardly to be ranked among yellow trout. Again, there are far more big trout in a brook like the Darenth, or the Lambourne, or the Pang, than in a large river like Tweed or Tay. The Thames is almost our only large river which breeds really big trout, though there may be a few in Tay and Tweed. With fly shall no man take them. But even in Thames, it is a curious blunder to say that trout are "rarely taken below ten pounds in weight." It is interesting to know that these American comments were written in 1847, and are probably no longer valuable. Over-fishing and free fishing even then were ruining the waters on Long Island, as elsewhere. If everybody is to fish everywhere, there will be no sport, except in waters where, as Aristotle says of Crete, "the distance is equivalent to a law expelling aliens." The index of angling books is also belated. Francis is not named, nor Halford. We learn that Gilbert's rare and, practically, worthless *Angler's Delight* (1676) was reprinted in 1780. The modern reprints of Denny's *Secrets of Angling* are, of course, unmentioned. The best part of the work, notes on fishing-books before Walton, is also of 1847, but, naturally, does not lose by that antiquity. The editor discusses Homer's use of the horn of the ox (*Iliad* xxiv. 80-82):—"And Iris sped to the bottom, like a weight of lead that, mounted on a horn of an ox, goeth down, bearing death to ravenous fishes."

Mr. Leaf thinks that a tube of horn, to guard the line, and a leaden sinker are referred to by the divine poet. This is the view of Aristarchus, but neither critic is known to have been a fisher. That the horn answers to the rings of a modern rod is an absurd interpretation. Compare *Odyssey* xii. 251:—"Even as when a

fisher on some headland lets down with a long rod his baits . . . casting into the deep the horn of an ox of the home-stand." We have not consulted Giseke nor Peppmüller, but are these gentlemen anglers? Ameis thinks that a horn tube protected the line. Plutarch denies that *κῆρας* meant bull's hair, because, like our recent ancestors, the ancients used horsehair for gut. From the passage in the *Odyssey* the American editor concludes that bait and horn were distinct. This, if correct, excludes the idea that Homer spun with a horn minnow, weighted with leaden sinkers. The topic has recently been handled in the *Journal of Philology*. Our own inclinations are in favour of a horn minnow. In Theocritus (*Idyll* xxi.) there is show of playing a fish and of the fish sulking. But all this is sea-fishing. Ausonius (360 A.D.) aspires to trout in the Mosel, but we must go to *Ælian* (230 A.D.) for the first artificial flies.

The passage is too familiar for quotation. A red hackle with red body of wool was used. It may have been meant for a May-fly, but was very unlike one. The fly does very well for sea-trout and on uneducated lochs. The American editor cannot solve the mystery of Dame Juliana Berners; but it seems incredible that a woman should have recommended an eighteen-foot rod as light and handy. Mascal (1590) is a plagiarist of the Dame; indeed, Walton himself owes much to her; for example, his *Jury of Flies*. In 1613 we have a better work, often reprinted, Denny's poem on "The Secrets of Angling." Markham reduced it to prose in his *Country Contentments*. Denny's date is 1572-1608. Barker (1651 and 1657) is a very practical hand, and still well deserves reading. But Walton clearly refers, though not by name, to an "old fish-book" now lost. He himself was followed, in 1662, by Venables with *The Experienced Angler*, for which Walton wrote a generous commendatory letter. There is at least one reprint of 1826. Franck's very dull, though curious, work was written in 1658, but not published till 1694. His imitation of the gilly's Scotch is not unentertaining. Some one has of late written, erroneously, as if Franck were but little of a fly-fisher. On the other hand, he starts his disciple in salmon-fishing with a teal wing and bear's-hair body. "He loves no music but the twang of the line." "The brighter the day the obscurer your fly," he says; but now in bright weather we use the gleaming "canary," all in yellow. With Franck end the Waltonian and pre-Waltonian angling authorities. His book, in Sir Walter Scott's edition, was only published in a limited number (250); but it is far from uncommon or costly. It never could be a favourite, being stuffed with all sorts of inappropriate verbiage. The American Walton contains very little of value, except its bibliographical chapters and some literary and biographical notes.

TELESCOPIC WORK FOR STARLIGHT EVENINGS.*

MR. DENNING is an observer in the first, a writer in the second place. His authorship has arisen from the not too common exigency of having something original to say—original, we mean, in the sense that the advice and instruction proffered by him are drawn largely from the stores of his personal experience. Like Hotspur, he "professes not talking," but from work has slipped on, by stress of circumstances, into words, making the pen an adjunct and auxiliary to the telescope. The volume before us has the merits and defects incident to such an origin. It would be unfair to apply to it the ordinary canons of literary criticism; it is no "well of English undefiled"; purists in style may, if they will, find occasions of scandal, and hit against pebbles of offence in every page. Yet it deserves, none the less, to be read with respect and attention by every amateur astronomer; nor can the task prove anything but a pleasure to such as will genially commit themselves to the guidance of an author whose arbitrary dealings, here and there, with language impart a certain raciness to the ready and animated flow of his discourse.

Although founded upon articles published at various times in scientific periodicals, the work has none of the scrappy and unsatisfactory character of a reprint. Its constituent parts, instead of being merely huddled together under a common title, have been carefully welded into a self-consistent whole. Gaps have been filled in, discrepancies smoothed away, missing data supplied, with the agreeable result that perusal proceeds, so to speak, without a hitch, and leaves no sense of backwardness in the race of contemporaneous enquiry. The want, moreover, of such an unpretending handbook is, we believe, genuinely felt. Many persons are the possessors of telescopes which they are at a loss how to employ. Mere curiosity supplies no lasting stimulus. The pleasure of gratifying it, a vapid one at best, is quickly exhausted, and the apathy of ignorance is but too apt to resume its sway over minds roused to momentary enthusiasm by a glimpse into the

Paradise of golden lights

arched over by the

Palace-roof of cloudless nights.

The remedy against backsliding so lamentable is to be found in a steady course of work. But work needs insight and knowledge to make it effective, more especially when judgment has to supplement deficient instrumental power. Intending observers

* *The Complete Angler*. Edited by G. W. Bethune, D.D. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1891.

* *Telescopic Work for Starlight Evenings*. By William F. Denning, F.R.A.S. London: Taylor & Francis, 1891.

cannot do better, under these circumstances, than place themselves under Mr. Denning's guidance. Himself best known for successful cometary and meteoric explorations, he is nevertheless a competent adviser all round where direct telescopic observation is concerned. With spectroscopy and celestial photography he practically does not meddle; nor can either branch be usefully prosecuted by the modestly equipped beginners in whose interests he wields the pen. That one or two of his remarks about the spectra of the heavenly bodies do not absolutely square with the latest garnering of facts need not then be made the occasion of adverse comment. One cannot, for instance, be surprised that he has followed the still prevailing fashion of ascribing to the radiations of nitrogen the most conspicuous ray of gaseous nebulae. The error, although exploded by all the more recent investigations, appears indestructible; and its cropping up in one new book after another raises a feeling akin to exasperation. Nor is this the only case in the history of spectroscopic research in which provisional, but mistaken, identification has long resisted disproof and survived disclaimers. It is, indeed, much more satisfactory to be able to say what a thing is than what it is not; still even a negative truth is often worth fighting for.

The first four chapters of *Telescopic Work for Starlight Evenings* are appropriately devoted to a discussion of instrumental means, in which the author, an adept in his way, gives his readers no mere outworn "saws of books," but maxims "coming home to their business and bosoms." In the *cause célèbre* of refractors *versus* reflectors, he sums up the evidence fairly enough, and with obvious impartiality of intention; yet his views are no doubt to some extent biased by his favourable experience of a silver-on-glass Newtonian by With, the performance of which, in the lines of work pursued by him, seems to have left little to be desired. The extreme susceptibility of such instruments, however, to deforming influences, as well as their intolerance of a rigid "mount," disables them for many purposes of the highest importance, and promises to limit their employment, in the coming time, to certain special tasks, such as the photographic picturing of nebulae. Mr. Denning, it is true, believes that "if future years see any great development in the sizes of telescopes, it will probably be in connexion with reflectors"; but just at present, their undeniable prerogatives notwithstanding, there is little to justify the anticipation. The next-coming colossus, at any rate, is a refractor of forty inches aperture, already in course of construction by Messrs. Alvan Clark for the new Californian observatory on Wilson's Peak; the most potent light-concentrating implement yet employed in star-charting operations is the "Bruce lens," shortly to be erected in the same favoured vicinity under Professor Pickering's directions; Greenwich and Potsdam alike are about to add giant achromatics to their equipment; and the new coude-équatorial at Paris sets an example, sure in the long run to be extensively followed elsewhere, of a mode of installation by which the mechanical difficulties hampering the growth of optical power in refractors are happily overcome.

"Virtually," as our author remarks, "the observer himself constitutes the most important part of his telescope; it is useless having a glass of great capacity at one end of a tube and a man of small capacity at the other." Yet it has not been mainly through the observers' fault that monster-telescopes have in general fallen short, as to achievement, of the standard raised by expectation. Some give imperfectly defined images; others are inconveniently mounted; in many the secondary spectrum is so strong as to confuse vision with troublesome fringes of colour; many more are located where a foggy and disturbed atmosphere half-blinds the great eye of the object-glass. The fine performance, however, of the Lick refractor, beneath an unrivalled sky and in the hands of able and energetic observers, has done more to stimulate enterprise than the partial incapacity of other great telescopes to damp it. The record of its three years' service, while raising no vulgar wonder by sensational announcements, includes several results of far-reaching importance. Such are:—The recognition, by Professors Holden and Schaeberle, of the helical forms of certain nebulae; the establishment, by Mr. Keeler, of the true character and position of the chief nebular line, his measurements—the first achieved—of nebular "end-on" motions, together with his detection in the nebular spectrum of the crimson ray of hydrogen, not to mention his demonstration of the illusory nature of supposed bright lines in the spectrum of Uranus; finally—to go no further—Mr. Burnham's discoveries of many excessively close stellar pairs likely to prove interesting systems, besides the dismissal, back through the ivory gate, by Messrs. Burnham and Barnard, of sundry phantom-stars in the Orion-trapezium, coupled with the perception in the same group of three light specks so minute as certainly never to have been seen before. And all this during a period of provisional arrangements, with apparatus still incomplete, and in despite of discomforts and distractions which might well have excused the postponement of any arduous operations.

In point of fact, sidereal astronomy must either renounce its high pretensions, or advance still further along the road of increasing optical power. Only thus can the spectra of the fainter stars and nebulae be satisfactorily investigated; only thus, above all, can their radial movements be determined, whether visually or photographically. And these two researches are absolutely essential to the progress of knowledge relative—the one to the physical constitution of individual stars, the other to the mechanical construction of the heavens.

The chapters in the work under notice, treating severally of the Sun, Moon, and Planets, of Comets, Meteors, Stars, and Nebulae, are all judiciously adapted to the requirements of embryo observers. They omit nothing that is indispensable, and admit little that is superfluous. Exceedingly useful, too, are the compendious lists furnished of meteor-radiants and periodical comets, of double and variable stars, and of nebulae and clusters. The book is suitably and sufficiently illustrated, in large measure from the author's original drawings.

GUBERNATIS'S DICTIONNAIRE INTERNATIONAL DES ÉCRIVAINS DU JOUR.*

"WE regret to have perceived only when the impression was made of this recollection, that there is not reproduced an important notice appeared on our Dictionary in that excellent Review." This somewhat enigmatical sentence appears as the final paragraph of a small pamphlet accompanying the volumes of the Dictionary referred to. It is headed "*The Saturday Review*, London 1888." For the honour thus done us, as it were, in our absence, we offer the expression of our thanks, and turn with some curiosity to the volumes themselves. They are portly enough, having an average of seven hundred pages each; they are so badly stitched together that it is perilous to consult them except flat on a table. As the pagination is continued from p. 1 to 2088 straight through them, their possessor may bind them to any degree of thickness he prefers; or, as we cannot doubt, the four additional francs for the volumes *reliés*, instead of *brochés*, would be well laid out.

The *Dictionnaire* itself is in French, though it is published at Florence. The quotations given in this article are textual, and the blunders may be accounted for by the fact just mentioned. The book has been issued periodically in parts during the past three years, the first number having appeared in March 1888. The apology of the editor for the use of a foreign language instead of his native Italian is given in an extract from Brunetto Latini (*maître de Dante*):—"Parce que le parler est plus délectable et plus commune à toutes gens." There is something to be said for this view; but it has its inconveniences. It was almost inevitable that a man of letters embarking on such an enterprise as this would be better acquainted with the writers of his own country than those of any other, and we are not surprised to find that, according to the *Resumé général statistique* on the final page, the disproportion between the number of writers from France, Germany, and Italy is very marked. These are, indeed, the only countries whose contemporary *écrivains* the editor takes any considerable account of. He offers us biographies of 9,152 persons; of these 6,413 are of the three countries just named, the remainder being allotted to Great Britain and Switzerland (in nearly equal proportion) and the rest of the world, including about 200 to America, down to Lithuania, Livonie, Algerie, Assyrie, Ile de Java, and Australie, who have one representative apiece.

It does not become an Englishman to complain of the space allotted to his own countrymen by one who is a type, we make no doubt, of the intelligent foreigner. His is, of course, the "verdict of posterity." Indeed, the preface, addressed "A mes collègues et a mes confrères en Littérature," had prepared us for even worse luck than has fallen to our share. M. de Gubernatis returns his thanks to countrymen of his own, and to eminent writers of France, Belgium, and Switzerland (whose names are given), to the learned Professors of Germany, and to a Hungarian, for their valuable assistance in regard to the writers of their respective countries. Finally, he apostrophizes his French *collaborateurs* especially, in a strain which left us hardly prepared to find that so many of our compatriots as 530 would be found worthy of record in this roll of fame. The number is indeed not large, as one may think, when compared with the figures before quoted, but taken *a priori* we should pronounce it ample. It would puzzle a good many of us to compile a list of 530 names of living British writers of sufficient importance to be included in such a chronicle. Upon the scale, however, adopted by M. de Gubernatis, the difficulty vanishes. We have been told on high authority that "all good books are written in German"; it would seem that all German books are good and their writers great. The same is apparently true of the French and the Italians. A general who has indited a despatch, a journalist who has reprinted his articles, a politician who has published his speech, a statistician who has calculated future populations, and "the likes of these," are admissible as writers. In this way the difficulty in regard to British writers is simple of solution, or, rather, it reappears in a fresh shape. It is no longer one of inclusion, but of exclusion. Instead of five hundred or so, five thousand biographies might be compiled without satisfying all possible claimants. We are accustomed to regard the German Universities as hives of intellectual activity, and every *savant* employed therein as a potential benefactor to his species; but there is a certain sameness in their life stories. Still, for purposes of reference in regard to men who may at any moment wake to find themselves famous, we are not disposed to complain under this head.

With respect to our own countrymen, we may speak with more confidence. Of the favoured five hundred, then, be it said,

* *Dictionnaire International des Écrivains du Jour*. Par le Prof. Comte A. de Gubernatis. Florence: Louis Niccolai. 1891.

that at least one-fifth of them are at the present moment defunct. Some have become so during the passage of these volumes through the press, and the fact is acknowledged in the "Additions et corrections," or in the "Additions et corrections essentielles," or in the "Supplement," or in the "Addenda," through all of which alphabetically arranged, separate, additional parts it is necessary to search before you can be sure of finding the name you are looking for. Besides this considerable proportion of deceased notabilities, there are a large number who are only writers in a special or professional sense—a remark which would seem to apply to both the British and foreign biographies. In turning over the pages we have met with the late Marshal Bazaine, Prince Napoleon (Jerome), General Boulanger, Pope Leo XIII., Count von Moltke, Count Münster, the Comte de Paris, and many others of like calibre whose biographies go to swell these volumes to their abnormal dimensions. It is just the same with our own countrymen. Among British *écrivains contemporains* are the following:—The late Sergeant Ballantine, Sir John Adye, General Valentine Baker, Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. W. E. Baxter, Sir J. W. Bazalgette, Sir Risdon Bennett, Lord Blackburn, "General" Booth, Mr. John Bright, Lord Bute, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir George Campbell, Sir John Lambert, Lord Justice Lindley, Father Ignatius, and Mr. William O'Brien. These are merely specimens taken at random, from a far longer list for which we have not space, to show how wide a net has been spread, and to justify our remark that not five hundred, but five thousand, names would be insufficient, if everybody who has ever rushed into print with a volume of any sort or kind is to be included.

We turn to those British biographies whose right to insertion is incontestable. Among them, certainly, is Mr. Gladstone's. The date of 1866 given as that of the introduction of the "loi favorable pour le Home Rule pour l'Irlandais" is probably only one of innumerable similar misprints; the same explanation is hardly available for the statement, "Depuis plusieurs années il est le principal inspirateur et rédacteur de la *Contemporary Review*"; nor is the subsequent reference to "Ouidanos" quite historical. Turn we next to the article "Tennyson, Lord Alfred" (*sic*). A very brief one it is; but we read, "Avec plus d'imagination et de souci de la forme, il a continué modestement l'école méditative des *lakers*. S. M. La Reine d'Angleterre l'a nommé *Poète Lauréat* en 1875, et Lord en 1885." These statements are all open to revision. The very first entry in the *Dictionnaire* begins thus:—"A. Avec cette simple signature Mr. Arnold Mathieu a publié ses premiers travaux 'Strayed Reveller,' &c. &c. These Arnolds, indeed, give our compiler considerable trouble. We have "Arnold (Arthur), voyageur, journaliste et homme politique; né le 28 Mai, 1883" (*sic*); "Arnold (Edvin), poète, philologue et journaliste, frère de M. M. Arthur et Matthieu," a statement (though we bear in mind the celebrated lines about "My kinsman") emphatically to be contradicted; and Arnold (Mathieu) and (Thomas), whose relationship is not mentioned. Mr. Hamilton Aidé will be pleased to read that "Tous ces romans sont écrits *gentlemanlike*, dans la meilleure acception du mot, et il suffit de les parcourir pour sa convaincre que l'auteur est aussi familier avec les mœurs et les habitudes de la bon société qu'avec celles des pays où il place le cadre de ses romans." An English solicitor residing at Versailles is described at length as "attorney près les Cours de Common law, et solicitor près la haute Cour de Chancellerie d'Angleterre." Mr. Bernard Becker is an old friend, but we feel sure that he was not born in 1332. Nor did Mr. Besant write *The Revolt of Marc*. Here is a curious entry: "Braddon (Marie-Elizabeth veuve MAXWELL)." We do not recognize any familiar name in "Clayton (Eleonore CREATHORNE, mistress NEEDHAM)." Mr. Richard Congreve "fit ses études sous la direction du regretté Mathieu Arnold" (who was four years his junior). Mr. Leonard Courtney "est rédacteur du *Times*, depuis 1862." Mr. Baring-Gould is "juge de paix à Lew Trenchard, sa terre seigneuriale." We come upon "Hugues-Hugues (Auguste) écrivain anglais, assistant au British Museum depuis 1882, né à Londres en 1875." In congratulating Mr. Hugues-Hugues, now in his sixteenth year, upon his official precocity, we may express regret, without any disparagement to him, that we find no mention of Dr. Garnett, Mr. Maunde Thompson, Dr. Bullen, nor even of Mr. Franks, whose fame is certainly European. Mr. Henry James, too, we learn, was "né, en 1873, à New York." We come upon "Knatchbull-Hugessen (*sic* Edouard)," having, in the previous volume, perused a far more copious biography of "Brabourne (Lord Edward Hugessen-Knatchbull)." Sir Theodore Martin "est depuis longtemps membre du parlement britannique." Another life begins, "Payne Jacques, romancier anglais, imitateur de Charles Dickens, mais qui n'eut a point pris la place, né," &c. &c. Again, an old friend is hardly recognizable in "Stanley (John Rowland, connu sous le nom de Henry-Moreton)." "Grant (Baronet Alexandre)" refers to the late Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Several biographies are given twice. We have mentioned Lord Brabourne's; there are those, also, of Mr. Hyde Clarke and Mr. Clarke-Hyde (pages 639 and 1217); Mr. J. Shield Nicolson (pages 1536 and 2018); M. Uzanne (pages 1862 and 2038); and we might extend this list. This is, perhaps, as singular an entry as any:—"Stafford-Eorthcote (Sir Henry Baronet)," on the strength of his book on Financial Policy.

NOUGHTS AND CROSSES.*

IT is not easy in a small space to do full justice to a collection of short "Stories, Studies, and Sketches" which have been republished by Q., in one volume, under the title of *Noughts and Crosses*. Their character is too various to admit of description by a single epithet. Some of them depend for their interest upon local colouring, and illustrate the West-country humour and superstitions with which the author of *Troy Town* has already made us familiar; others are of more general character. Though the stories are not all of equal merit, the volume, as a whole, is most attractive reading. It is written in a finished literary style—too rarely to be found nowadays. Here and there the influence of Mr. Stevenson is perceptible, particularly in the dainty choice of picturesquely unexpected words, becoming at times so unconcealed as to pass into mannerism. Take, for instance, the opening description in the story of "Old Eson" (p. 123):—

I remember well the time of his coming, for it happened at the end of five days and nights during which the year passed from strength to age; in the interval between the swallow's departure and the redwing's coming; when the tortoise in my garden crept into his winter quarters, and the Equinox was on us, with an East wind that parched the blood in the trees, so that their leaves for once knew no gradations of red and yellow, but turned at a stroke to brown, and crackled like tin foil.

A fanciful and poetic imagination runs through most of the stories, transforming even commonplace incidents, and often suggesting a larger than the immediate meaning. Two of them are, indeed, not so much stories as allegories—"Old Eson" and "The Magic Shadow"—but these are, perhaps, the least successful in the book. In the best there is great artistic skill of construction, great refinement and tenderness of feeling, and we find touches of that truest humour which smiles through tears. Moreover, short as they are, they possess great narrative interest, and are not less fascinating because they have an undercurrent of thoughtfulness and sadness. Their sadness, however, has no touch of cynicism. It is the sadness of an understanding love and pity for the failings and follies of mortal man. Throughout the book there is not a single touch of vulgarity or bad taste; and though one or two of the stories are rather pointedly eccentric, and others are inadequately worked out, yet the best of them belong to a high order of merit. "The Omnibus," "Statement of Gabriel Foot, Highwayman," "These-An-That's Wife," "The Mayor of Gantick," and "The Paradise of Choice" are stories all different in character, and each of peculiar artistic excellence. The author is happy in his endings; he is fond of bringing in an unforeseen touch at the close, which comes as a surprise, and yet is felt to be perfect. It may be either humorous or pathetic, but is never forced or unnatural, and in some of the sadder stories gives just that hint of hope which is needed to reconcile the reader to what would otherwise have been too gloomy and oppressive.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ARTHUR HEULHARD'S volume (1) on part of Rabelais's imperfectly-known and much-discussed life—a volume to be followed up by another, if not others, on the rest—is, we think, the most careful, and is, we are pretty nearly sure, the most sumptuous, contribution ever made to Rabelaisian biography and bibliography. M. Heulhard tells us that he has spent no less than ten years in his researches into Rabelais's visits to Italy (now established as four in number) and his stay in Metz. It is evident that in this long labour he has ransacked every attainable document, not neglecting the last storehouse in which modern investigators of a certain stamp are wont to look, the *ipsissima corpora* of his author's works. And he has summoned the arts, both fine and mechanical, to help him in setting forth his result, with a contempt of expense remarkable even in a Frenchman. Besides facsimiles of everything that can possibly be facsimiled, portraits of the Du Bellays and of everybody else connected with Rabelais, views and plans of Saintes, Rome, Turin, Susa, Pignerol, Metz, and all manner of places, and miscellaneous embellishments too many to particularize, M. Heulhard has by the aid of an architect executed elaborate coloured elevations and plans of the Abbey of Thelema, with (to illustrate a fancy of his) companion ones of Chambord and other buildings of the times. Also he has prefixed as frontispiece a very handsome etching of the hitherto unengraved Geneva portrait of Master Francis, an at least possibly genuine piece, and characteristic enough in all conscience, though terribly repainted. It has a tremendous nose, a nose worthy of Friar John himself, bright but dignified and intellectual eyes, and a general outline of face and forehead which is massive without being heavy. So splendid a volume deserves hearty welcome and thanks from the few but fit students to whom it is addressed. It is, perhaps, almost impossible that a man should not be tempted, in giving the result of such patient and wide inquiry, to digress and diverge a little, and to construe "those about Rabelais" rather in its literal than in its idiomatic sense. We might also hint that M. Heulhard, while justly blaming the commentators on Rabelais for their megrims, "tient de la

* *Noughts and Crosses*. By Q. London: Cassell & Co., Lim. 1891.

(1) *Rabelais: ses voyages en Italie, son exil à Metz*. Par Arthur Heulhard. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

Quinte" a very little himself (indeed, she is one of the most delightful of queens), and is a little too apt to be certain of the intentions of allegories and the identification of personages. Lastly, we do not agree with him that the angry remonstrance with Dole's unauthorized edition is not Rabelais's own, and we cannot see that he brings any argument to that effect, except the very unsafe private opinion that Rabelais was not likely to write it. But all these things are at worst matters of friendly disagreement; we cannot thank M. Heulhard too much for his magnificent book.

"Gyp," queen of novelists and huntress of M. Ohnet, great-niece of Mirabeau, and creatress of Eve, has imagined a new thing in *Une passionnette* (2). Whether she intended it or not we cannot say—she is clever enough for anything—but she has, so to speak, turned inside-out the usual parts of lover and loved one, as represented by the poets and romancers. Auréliane, Marquise de Gueldre (her somewhat too imperial name is usually cut down to "Liane"), is the wife, not in her first youth, but still young, of an ordinary husband à la Feuillet, faithless but friendly. Indeed, we confess with shame that for some pages we feared "Gyp" was going to be merely as the Duruys and the Rabussons. Although she is very religious in her way (which is burning candles; she does not care for masses), she has no abstract scruple about paying her husband in his own coin, albeit she considers it wicked to have to do with married men, and defends that view with rather feminine logic. Only she has, in some fifteen years of disillusion, never met anybody in the concrete for whose sake she feels inclined to put the knife in the contract. At the beginning she frankly tells as much to one adorer, a *preux chevalier* of the best type, who is, in the irregular way, worthy of her; at the end she routs, in a single engagement and headlong, a lady-killer of the ordinary type who presumes. But between these she meets her fate—a fate which would have been severe enough even if that bloodthirsty "Gyp" had not made it, in the common sense, fatal. She falls in love, not exactly at first sight, but very nearly so, with a certain Jacques de Guibray. In the course of their love "Gyp," with extraordinary skill and art, makes Guibray play the part usually played by a flirtatious but cold-hearted coquette, jealous of her reputation, and indifferent to anything but her own amusement; while Liane plays, for the most part, that of the *amoureuse transi*, flinging herself at the feet of the beloved in vain. And so great is her skill that she does this without making Guibray effeminate, and without making Liane undignified, or at least succeeds in making the pathos of the situation cover the loss of dignity. It is a book which may make many women very cross, and will probably not be understood of all men; but it is what the seidlitz-powder man said of Mr. Jackson's story.

Among books concerning education we have a selection from *Monte Cristo*, by Mr. D. B. Kitchin (Longmans), respecting which we hope that Messrs. Longmans will speak words to their binder, who has stuck the "h" in. Mr. Kitchin is not in the least responsible for this barbarism, but we wish he had not followed bad example by thrusting a treatise on word-change into his notes. Such things are for the general grammar, not the particular text, especially a brief text of light reading. M. Pellissier's *Junior French Grammar* (Perceval) is well printed and judiciously arranged. We have also before us the third edition of a curious little pamphlet by M. E. B. de Beaumont (Lausanne: published by the author; London: Dulau), describing a method of acquiring a rich vocabulary in foreign languages, and called *Méthode nouvelle de vocabularisation*.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WE have received the second volume of *The Mignon Edition of the Works of Shakespeare*, edited by C. Knight and illustrated by Sir John Gilbert (London, Glasgow, Manchester, and New York: Routledge & Sons, Limited), and still are of opinion that it is a charming book to have upon one's shelves, but hardly pleasant to read from. The print, though beautifully clear, is small, the shape of the page unusual, and the paper exceedingly thin.

Very daintily "gotten out," as they say in America, is *A Light Load*, by Dollie Radford (London: Elkin Matthews), the "Load" consisting of many pretty little poems of no very deep significance, of which the "Soliloquy of a Maiden Aunt" strikes us as the best.

The Fragments of Zeno and Cleanthes: with Introduction and Explanatory Notes, by A. C. Pearson, M.A., late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge (London: Clay & Sons), is a reprint of an essay which obtained the Hare prize in the year 1889. All classical scholars will welcome a book which presents in a convenient form all that has survived of the writings of the two most eminent exponents of that noble school of philosophy which taught Seneca how to die and Marcus Aurelius how to reign, and whose doctrines Gibbon has summed up in his stately fashion when he describes "the rigid system of the Stoics, which taught him (the Emperor M. Aurelius) to submit his body to his mind, his passions to his reason; to consider virtue as the only good, vice as the only evil, all things external as things indifferent." This famous Greek system of theology and ethics

supplied at Rome the place of a religion during the later years of the Republic and the earlier years of the Empire, and yet has never in modern times received as much attention as the Platonic system, partly from its somewhat repellent simplicity and want of poetry and mysticism, partly from the extremely small part of the writings of its founders which have come down to us in the original form. These fragments have been not only collected by Mr. Pearson, following Zeller, Hirzel, and Stein, but are critically discussed in a most interesting and scholarly fashion which we can here only incidentally notice.

Anti-Christ: a Short Examination of the Spirit of the Age, by F. W. Bain, M.A., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford (Parker & Co.) is the somewhat affected title of a strange political rhapsody in several divisions—we can hardly call them chapters—one of which begins with the words "The Human Mind is a Common Lodging House, the abode of a mixed society of grotesque, whimsical opinions, which dwell together, by no means always in unity, but often in ludicrous antagonism and contrariety, Especially the Human Mind which deals with Politics." Quite true, but not very attractively put; indeed, there is much in the book with which we agree, but the form in which it is presented is sometimes grotesque. The Platonic dialogue is the best part of the book. We wish that Mr. Bain would not call the late Lord Beaconsfield "Disraeli."

The Fountain of Youth: a Fantastic Tragedy in Five Acts, by Eugene Lee-Hamilton (London: Elliot Stock), is a work excellently described by its sub-title. Some of the versification is quite Swinburnian in its flowing rhythm; still, the story is singularly unpleasant from first to last; the gloom never is lightened; all, or nearly all, the characters die in unspeakable anguish, and we are driven, in spite of ourselves, to reflect on the wisdom of the saying, "It is so very easy not to write a tragedy in five acts."

A Houseful of Girls, by Sarah Tytler (London: Innes & Co.), is just the sort of story which we have learned to expect from its writer, and just the sort of story which young ladies love. The mere male reader may, perhaps, wish that there were rather fewer girls in the book, as their number rather bewilders him, and their confidences sometimes seem intended for female ears alone. We have no intention of revealing the plot, or rather plots, but will go so far as to say that they are well constructed and worked out, and that all comes right at the end.

Natal, the Land and its Story: a Geography and History for the Use of Schools (with Map), by Robert Russell, Superintendent-Inspector of Schools, Natal (Pietermaritzburg: Davis & Sons), is, as its title explains, intended to teach young Natalians—if that be their proper name—the geography and history of the land they live in. It has had the advantage of being revised by "the Nestor of South African history, Sir Theophilus Shepstone," and was prepared by desire of the Council of Education of Natal, in order "to help the young people of the colony to acquire a knowledge of their homeland, and to encourage them to take an intelligent interest in all that makes for its progress." We looked first for the account of Majuba—or as it is here, no doubt more correctly, written, Amajuba—Hill. The story of our defeat there and at Laing's Nek is fairly told, with a suppressed bitterness, which is only expressed in the concluding sentences. The Boers are always spelt without a capital letter, which reminds us of "brutus" and "mephistopheles" in *Never Too Late to Mend*, but, of course, is meant to show the feelings with which they are regarded by the loyal colonists of Natal. There is a clear and interesting account of the foundation of the colony, of the now half-forgotten Zulu wars of Cetewayo and Langalibalele, and of how the colonists demanded, and in 1856 obtained, their "unimpaired hereditary right of liberty"; but the most suggestive part of the book is the explanation of the vast schemes of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the railway which is now in progress "from Kimberley . . . to the Zambesi," and the definition of the territories and spheres of influence of the "British South Africa" and "British East Africa" Companies. Concisely and intelligibly written, this book may be read with interest and profit by all who wish to understand the questions now awaiting solution in South-East Africa. We have searched in vain for the map which is said to accompany this book.

Mary of Nazareth: a Legendary Poem (complete in three parts), by Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart. (Burns & Oates), is a rendering of the Gospel story and of the many legends connected with it in verse. The fact of this being a new edition attests the popularity of the work with Roman Catholic readers. We quote one stanza fairly representative of the rest:—

Though kith and kin to trap the Lord had failed
The subtle Scribes and wily Pharisees
On creatures of their own, at length prevailed
To try His life, proscribed by their decrees—
Whence, torn from midst—His Mother following
They drag away their unacknowledged King,
To nearest steepest precipice of height
To hurl him thence—e'en though His life be charmed—
The while she trembles; till, from out their sight—
She sees him pass, from midst of them, unharmed.

A Short History of Greek Philosophy, by John Marshall, M.A. Oxon, LL.D. Edin., Rector of the Royal High School, Edinburgh, formerly Professor of Classical Literature and Philosophy in the Yorkshire College, Leeds (London: Percival & Co.), is a really valuable handbook, such as we have a right to expect from the writer, who modestly "hopes that it may be found useful at the Universities" as a running commentary on the great *Historia Philo-*

(2) *Un passionnette*. Par "Gyp." Paris: Calmann Lévy.

sophie Græce of Ritter and Preller. To students about to embark on the study of Greek philosophy such a book as this, in which the leading doctrines of each school are shortly and clearly set forth, must prove a great boon. Too often undergraduates, who have acquired the power of reading Greek with facility, plunge into the ocean of the Platonic dialogues with the assistance of Grote's *Plato* or Zeller's *History of the Socratic School*, and find, when confronted with an examination paper, that they know nothing whatever of Greek philosophy as a whole. The admirable chapter on the Stoics will gain much by being read in connexion with Mr. Pearson's *Fragments of Zeno and Cleanthes*, which we have already noticed, and the whole book is written in that plain, idiomatic readable style which readers of philosophic treatises soon learn to appreciate from its rarity. We have met with no better introduction to Greek philosophy as a whole than Mr. Marshall's convenient little treatise.

Eighteen Years of University Extension, by R. D. Roberts, M.A., D.Sc., &c. (Cambridge: at the University Press), is an encouraging record of work. The diagrams show more clearly than any words that, although the novelty of the Extension Lectures has worn off, and, consequently, that those who were originally attracted to them by their novelty alone have ceased to attend them, yet that the number of really earnest students is steadily increasing, and that nothing but the difficulty of obtaining an adequate stipend for the lecturers stands in the way of an almost indefinite development of the scheme. If the action of the Devon County Council were to be generally followed, a solution of this difficulty would be arrived at. The accounts of the establishment of "summer classes" at Oxford and Cambridge, of the real enthusiasm which the lectures have, in many cases, awakened among artisans, and the immense possibilities which are suggested by what has already been accomplished, are of very great interest, and space alone forbids us to discuss at length the many vistas of thought opened up by this account of one of the most remarkable "movements" of modern times. We cannot resist quoting the remarks of a working joiner at Hull:—"It is six years since I attended the first course of University Extension Lectures, and I have attended all the courses since. . . . I cannot tell how much I owe to these lectures. They have worked a revolution in my life. I am able to take broader views of questions, and my interests are widened. My life altogether is brighter and happier. There is something about these University Lectures different from Science and Art Classes. I can't exactly say what it is, but they do more for you and have more life in them." If this be the spirit in which University Extension is received, there is little fear of its not extending.

Messrs. Bell have added to their reprints of the more modern volumes of the "Aldine Poets" a re-issue in six volumes of Dr. Morris's *Chaucer*, the best complete edition of the poet; from Messrs. Bryce of Glasgow we have two tiny volumes, prettily printed and fantastically bound, *The Valley of Roses* and *The Little Garden of Lilies*, translated from Thomas à Kempis, and full of that unequalled knowledge of the soul which Thomas had. We have rather forgotten the soul nowadays; suppose we were to return to it? Mr. Henry Morley has added a pleasant *Bundle of Ballads* to Messrs. Routledge's "Companion Poets" as their second volume.

We have also received Pope's *Iliad of Homer* (English Classics for Schools), by H. L. Earl (Percival & Co.); *Barney Geogheghan, M.P., and Home Rule at St. Stephen's*, by E. Jenkins, author of *Gin's Baby* (Hutchinson & Co.); *Christ's Utopia*, Part V., by F. Ballard (Elliot Stock); *The Iliad of Homer*, Book XXIII., edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A. (Cambridge University Press); *First French Reader and Writer* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Van T Hoff's Chemistry in Space*, translated and edited by J. E. Marsh, M.A. (Clarendon Press); *Herodotus*, Book VI., edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and Maps, by J. Strachan, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *First Latin Reader and Writer*, by C. M. Dix, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *The Gateway of Wisdom: a Teaching Euclid*, Book I., by W. Larking, B.A. (Spottiswoode & Co.); *Catechism of Field Training, Manual of Drill and Physical Exercises*, by T. Chesterton, and *The Firing Exercise and Aiming Drill*, printed in Urdu and in Nagri (Chatham: Gale & Polden); *Rider Papers on Euclid*, by R. Deakin (Macmillan & Co.); *Episodes from For King and Fatherland*, by Captain Karl Tanera, edited by E. P. Ash, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); *Xenophon's Anabasis*, Book III., by G. H. Hall, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Cæsar's Gallic War*, Book VI., by M. Brackenbury, M.A. (Percival & Co.); and *The Comparative Climatology of London and the Chief English Health Resorts*, by Bertram Thornton, M.R.C.S., &c., reprinted from the *Lancet* (H. K. Lewis).

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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SHERBORNE SCHOOL.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS for September. One of £50, several of £30 to £21, will be competed for on July 21. Apply, HEAD-MASTER, Sherborne, Dorset.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up Vacancies on the Foundation and Exhibitions will begin on July 7.—For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

PRÉ SCILLA, LAUSANNE.—Miss WILLS, late Head-Mistress of the Norwich High School, and her sister, Madame v. WORMS, have a very comfortable EDUCATIONAL HOME for ELDER GIRLS. Garden and full-sized Tennis-court. Numbers limited. Madame v. WORMS will be in London early in June.

MORNING PREPARATORY CLASS for the SONS of GENTLEMEN (exclusively), 13 Somerset Street, Portman Square, W. The Class will re-assemble after the Whitsuntide Vacation on Monday, May 25, at the usual hour.

MRS. HODSOLL, of LOOSE COURT, near Maidstone, receives a FEW DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN for Education. Home comforts. Highest references. The house stands high in its own grounds of 150 acres.

SKETCHING in COLOURS direct from NATURE.—Correspondence Lessons by an experienced Teacher. Successful Method. Sketching Club. Circulating Portfolio, monthly subjects, copies admitted.—Miss E. M. HILL, Urris Fort, Enniscorthy, Ireland.

SEASIDE SEASON (July to September). Roomy FURNISHED HOUSE TO LET at Etretat (France). A Vacancy for TWO BOARDERS (ladies or gentlemen), at PASTEUR DE VISMES. Apply for both to PASTEUR DE VISMES, 103 rue Nollet, Paris; or to M. DE VISMES, 2 Pulling Terrace, Cambridge.

ASHTON, SURREY, sixteen miles from London, between Epsom and Leatherhead, a quarter mile from Station. The ASHTON LAND COMPANY, Limited, 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., is building HOUSES to suit requirements of lessees on plots of half an acre and upwards, at rentals computed at 5 per cent. on outlay and ground rent at £20 per acre. Water and gas laid on to the Estate.

W. A. AICKMAN, Secretary.

METROPOLITAN DRINKING FOUNTAIN and CATTLE TROUGH ASSOCIATION.

Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.

This is the only Society providing Free Supplies of Water for Man and Beast in the streets of London and Suburbs.

Contributions are very earnestly solicited.

Bankers: Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, HANSON, BOUVERIE, & CO.

117 Victoria Street, S.W.

M. W. MILTON, Secretary.

2 MILLION BOTTLES FILLED IN 1873.

18 MILLION " " " 1890.

APOLLINARIS.

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"The Apollinaris Spring yields enough water not only for present requirements, but also for those of a future which is still remote."

"The existing supply is adequate for filling forty million quart bottles yearly."

"The volume of gas is so great that it is dangerous to approach the spring on a windless day."

The Times, September 20, 1890.

DRINK GEROLSTEIN

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

DRINK GEROLSTEIN

AND WHISKEY AFTER BREAKFAST.

DRINK GEROLSTEIN

AND RED WINE FOR DINNER.

DRINK GEROLSTEIN

AND WHISKEY AFTER DINNER.

16s. per hamper..... 50 Pints.
21s. " " " 50 Quarts.

GEROLSTEIN CO., 153 CHEAPSIDE.

"G.B."

"LANCET" ANALYSIS AND MEDICAL OPINIONS
FREE.

FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.
FOR RHEUMATISM AND GOUT:

DIABETES

48s. PER DOZEN.

CARRIAGE PAID.

WHISKY.

OF THE PROPRIETORS:

GEORGE BACK & CO.

DEVONSHIRE SQUARE, BISHOPSGATE.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING

FOR MANSIONS, PRIVATE HOUSES, &c.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO TEMPORARY INSTALLATIONS FOR DANCES, &c.

Inquiries invited. Estimates free.

WOODHOUSE & RAWSON UNITED, Limited,

25 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Where a Model Installation can be seen at work.

INSURANCES, BANKS, &c.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.

Incorporated A.D. 1790.

FUNDS..... £4,000,000
CLAIMS PAID EXCEED..... £38,000,000

LIFE, FIRE, ANNUITIES.

Church of England

LIFE AND FIRE

ESTAB.
1840.

A New System of Assurance
without Medical Examination: Write for explanatory pamphlet
"PERFECTED" PENSIONS. to the Head Office, 9 & 10 King Street,
Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

SUN FIRE OFFICE.

FOUNDED 1710.

THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

Sum Insured in 1890, £361,500,000.

THE CALEDONIAN IMMEDIATE

INSURANCE COMPANY

Grants Immediate Life Assurance
without Medical Examination.

LIFE ASSURANCE

For Pamphlet containing particulars
of this New Scheme, apply to the
Secretary of the Head Office, 19 George
Street, Edinburgh, or to any of the Com-
pany's Branches.

WITHOUT MEDICAL

LONDON OFFICES:

68 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.
AND
14 WATERLOO PLACE,
PALL MALL, S.W.

EXAMINATION.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1808.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C. and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.

Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,000,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION.

61 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

ASSURANCE FUND over £4,000,000.

CLAIMS PAID over £9,000,000.

CASH BONUSES paid in Reduction of Premiums, over £8,000,000.

GROSS INCOME, £300,000.

BANK of NEW ZEALAND.—Incorporated by Act of

General Assembly, July 29, 1861.—Bankers to the New Zealand Government.

Head Office.—1 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Capital Paid-up..... £500,000

Reserve Liability..... £1,500,000

This Bank grants drafts on all its branches and agencies, and transacts every description of
banking business connected with New Zealand, Australia, and Fiji, on the most favourable
terms. The London Office receives fixed deposits of £50, and upwards, rates and particulars of
which can be ascertained on application.

H. B. MACNAB, Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.
THREE per cent. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO
per cent. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, calculated on minimum monthly balances, when
not drawn below £100. STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT. For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums
on deposit and allows interest at the rate of THREE PER CENT. per annum, on each com-
pleted £1. The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free on application.
FRANCIS HAVENSCROFT, Manager.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY

COMPANY, Limited.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

Capital Subscribed..... £4,000,000
Capital Paid-up..... £900,767
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits..... 319,667
Investments per Balance-sheet at December 31, 1890..... £1,181,434
£4,904,730

Directors.

H. J. BRISTOWE, Esq.

The Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES FERGUSSON, Bart., G.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., M.P.

The Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN E. GORST, Q.C., M.P.

The Rt. Hon. A. J. MUNDELLA, M.P.

Sir GEORGE RUSSELL, Bart., M.P.

THOMAS RUSSELL, Esq., C.M.G.

Sir EDWARD W. STAFFORD, G.C.M.G.

The Directors issue Terminable Debentures at par for £50 and upwards, bearing interest at
4 per cent. for five or six years, and 4½ per cent. for seven to ten years; and Four per Cent.
Perpetual Debentures or Four per Cent. Debenture Stock at 2½ per cent.
The interest is payable half-yearly, on January 1 and July 1, by coupons attached to the
Debentures, and by warrants in favour of the registered holders of the Debenture Stock.
The Debentures and Debenture Stock are limited to, and are secured by, the Unpaid Capital
(£3,127,233) and by the investments and general assets of the Company.
Forms of application can be obtained at the offices of the Company.

HENRY M. PAUL, Manager.

Portland House, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20 BUDGE ROW, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Reserve Fund..... £90,000.

Shares issued to December 31, 1890, receive 5 per cent.
Four per cent. paid on 5 Shares (£50 each) during Financial Year of issue. Five per cent.
for first year.
Five per cent. paid on Deposits of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms.
Deposits of £50 and upwards at one month's notice Four per cent.
For particulars apply to the Secretary,

H. TEMPLE.

THE ENGLISH BANK of the RIVER PLATE, Limited.

Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000. Paid-up, £750,000. Reserve Fund, £255,000.
Branches: Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Rosario.
Deposits received at the Head Office for fixed periods at rates of interest to be ascertained
on application.
Letters of Credit, Bills of Exchange, and Cable Transfers issued on the Branches and
Agencies.
Bills payable in Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Rosario, and other cities of the Argentine and
Uruguay Republics negotiated or sent for collection.
The Bank effects Purchases and Sales of Stock, Shares, Coupons, and other Securities,
collects Dividends, and undertakes every description of banking business.
St. Swin's Lane, E.C. BRUCE THORBURY, Secretary.

SHIPPING.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO

BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, every week.
EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS, and JAPAN, every alternate week.
AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA, every alternate week.
ALEXANDRIA and NAPLES.....

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

For particulars apply at the Company's Office, 123 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cock-
spur Street, London, S.W.

AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, NEW ZEALAND.

THE ORIENT LINE MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for
above Colonies, calling at FLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and
COLOMBO. STEAMERS among the LARGEST and FASTEST afloat. High-class
Cuisine, Electric Lighting, Hot and Cold Baths, Good Ventilation, and every comfort.

Managers.... F. GREEN & CO., Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.
For freight or passage apply to the latter firm.

PLEASURE CRUISES

TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN,

By the ORIENT COMPANY'S STEAMSHIPS "CHIMBORAZO," 3,547 tons register,
and "GARONNE," 3,576 tons register, leaving London
JUNE 19, for twenty-seven days. JULY 21, for twenty-seven days.
JULY 1, for twenty-seven days. AUGUST 3, for twenty-three days.

Calling at Leith two days later.

The Steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e., inside the Fringe of
Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water, and on the first three trips the
North Cape will be reached while the sun is above the horizon at midnight.
The "CHIMBORAZO" and "GARONNE" are fitted with electric light, electric bells,
hot and cold baths, &c.

Managers, F. Green & Co., 13 Fenchurch Avenue; Anderson, Anderson, & Co., 55 Fenchurch
Avenue, London, E.C.
For passage apply to the latter firm, or West-End Agents, Grindlay & Co., 55 Parliament
Street, S.W.

RESIDENTIAL FLATS,

WHITEHALL COURT.

FACING THAMES EMBANKMENT AND WHITEHALL PLACE, S.W.

These excellent suites are fitted with every modern convenience—namely, hot and cold
water, electric light and bells, visitors' and servants' lifts in operation night and day, and
occupy the finest position in London, affording extensive views of the river (with the Surrey
Hills in the distance) and the Embankment Gardens. They are also most conveniently and
centrally situated with respect to the principal clubs, theatres, &c. The rooms are all finished
to suit the wishes of incoming tenants, and the rentals include all rates, taxes, water supply,
lighting and heating of the corridors and staircases, and the services of all the porters. The
suites may be viewed at any time on application to the Superintendent, J. C. SCHWENFELD,
at the office on the premises, or to HANFORD & SONS, Estate Agents, 1 Cockspur Street (late
Waterloo House), S.W.

HOTELS.

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL. Great Health
and Pleasure Resort. Private Marine Esplanade. Eight Lawn-Tennis Courts. Large
Swimming Bath. Two Hundred and Fifty Rooms. Tariff of Manager.

DEVON.—The MID-DEVON HOTEL and Health Resort, at
Ashbury Station. 900 ft. above sea level. 150 acres moor and heather, available for Polo,
Golf, Cricket, Tennis, &c. Fishing near. Horses and carriages.—Address, MANAGERESS.

BEDFORD HOTEL, BRIGHTON. Old Established.
Unequalled in situation. Opposite West Pier. Spacious Coffee and Reading Rooms.
Sea-water service. Great variety of excellent wines. Moderate tariff.
GEO. HECKFORD, Manager.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

This pure Solution is the best remedy
for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn,
Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

The safest and most gentle aperient
for delicate constitutions, Ladies,
Children and Infants.

Sold throughout the World.

FRY'S

Lancet—"Pure, and very soluble."

Medical Times—"Eminently suitable for Invalids."

PURE CONCENTRATED

COCOA.

Sir C. A. CAMERON, President of the Royal
College of Surgeons, Ireland—"I have never
tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND, CITY OF LONDON.

THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London
will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, May 26, 1891, at Half-past
One o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for taking on BUILDING LEASES for a
term of Eighty Years FOUR PLOTS of valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, situate in Stony
Lane, Houndsditch.

Further particulars, with conditions and printed forms of proposal, may be had on applica-
tion at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal.
Persons tendering must attend personally, or by a duly authorised Agent, on the above-
mentioned day, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, and the parties whose offers are accepted
will be required to execute an agreement and bond at the same time.
Proposals must be sealed up, endorsed on the outside, "Tender for Ground, Stony Lane,"
and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before One o'clock on the said day of
treaty.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall:

March, 1891.

HENRY BLAKE,

Principal Clerk.

* Since the original particulars were issued the dimensions of Lot 1 have been
slightly curtailed.

THE GROSVENOR HOSPITAL for WOMEN and
CHILDREN, Vincent Square, S.W. President, Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, M.P.
In consequence of increased accommodation, FUNDS are greatly needed.
F. C. HOWARD, Secretary.

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MESSRS. REDFERN, ALEXANDER & CO. are authorised to receive applications at their Counting House, 3 Great Winchester Street, E.C., or through the Company's Bankers, as under.

The List will open on Monday, the 26th May, 1891, and close on or before Wednesday, the 27th May, 1891.

Applications will be received in London, Barcelona, Olot, and Gerona.

OLOT AND GERONA RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

SHARE AND DEBENTURE CAPITAL, £280,000.

Represented by £80,000, in 8,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each, and £200,000, in 6 per cent. First Debenture Bonds of £10 each, or multiples of £10.

The Directors invite applications for the whole of the Ordinary Shares and Debentures at par, payable as follows:—

SHARES.				
On Application	£1
On Allotment	£2

And the balance as and when required, by Calls not exceeding £2 per Share, upon one month's notice, and at intervals of not less than two months between each Call.

DEBENTURES.				
On Application	10 per cent.
On Allotment	20 "
1 Month after Allotment	20 "
4 Months	20 "
7 "	15 "
10 "	15 "

The Interest on the Debentures will be guaranteed during construction by the Contractor.

The Debentures will be redeemable at par on terms set forth in the Prospectus.

Interest will be payable, in London and Barcelona, on the 1st January and 1st July in each year.

Trustees for Debenture Holders.

The Most Honorable the Marquis of TWEEDDALE, Chairman of the North British Railway Company.

THE NATIONAL SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY, LIMITED, 1 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Directors.

W. W. B. BEACH, Esq., M.P., Director of the London & South Western Railway Co. T. M. THACKTHWAITE, Esq., Director of the Anglo-Chilian Nitrate and Railway Company, Limited.

*PHILIP VANDERBYL, Esq., Messrs. Redfern, Alexander & Co., 3 Great Winchester Street, E.C.

Ilmo. Sr. D. ALEJANDRO DE BACARDI, Senior Member of the Municipal Council of Barcelona, and Director of the "Sociedad de Navegación e Industria," Barcelona.

Ilmo. Sr. D. PEDRO DOMENECH, Director of the "Crédito Español," Barcelona. Sr. D. ALFONSO FLAQUER, Engineer and Manager of Messrs. Planas, Flaquer, & Co., Manufacturers, Barcelona and Gerona.

Sr. D. JOSÉ GARRIGA NOGUÉS, Banker, Barcelona.

* Will join after Allotment.

Bankers.

THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK, LIMITED, 29 Threadneedle Street, E.C., and Branches.

BARCELONA—MESSRS. GARRIGA, NOGUÉS Y SOBRINO, and their correspondents.

OLOT—MESSRS. J. F. HIJOS DE MONTSALVAGE.

GERONA—CRÉDITO GERUNDENSE.

Solicitors.

To the Company—MESSRS. KEARSEY, HAWES, & WALSH, 35 Old Jewry, E.C. To the Trustees—MESSRS. ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP, & CO., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.

Secretary—R. E. EMSON, 1 Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, E.C.

Auditors—MESSRS. WOODTHORPE, BEVAN, & CO., Leadenhall Buildings, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE Company is formed to construct and work a "Narrow Gauge" Railway from the town of Olot, in the Province of Gerona, in the north-east of Spain, passing through Las Presas, San Esteban de Bas, San Feliu de Pallarols, Las Planas, Amer, La Selera, Angles, Bescanó, Salt and Santa-Eugenia, and terminating at Gerona, on the main line from Tarragona to Barcelona and France. It is intended to erect stations at the above place.

The Concession was granted by the Spanish Cortes to Domingo Pulgarcón on the 18th April, 1883, for 99 years, subject to the line being finished within three years from the approval of the scheme, which approval was duly given, and the time has been extended by Government Decrees until 20th February, 1892, and by the Works Contract hereunder specified the Contractor has undertaken to complete and give delivery of the Contract Works before the expiration of such extension, or if the time shall be further extended, then at least two calendar months before the expiration of such further extension, such completion and delivery in any case taking place within two years from the time appointed by the said Works Contract for the commencement of the works.

The full length of the proposed line is 54.548 kilometres (about 33½ miles), of which about 11.12 (8 miles) has already been constructed, and sections will be opened for traffic as and when completed. The first of these is expected to be ready by the month of December of the present year, and it is anticipated that the line will be fully constructed in about fifteen months.

From the official scheme of the line made in 1881 and approved by the Government of Spain, the gross receipts are estimated at £590 per kilometre, or at the rate of £32,185 per annum. But from the report, dated 28th December, 1890, of Señor Don Eduardo Martínez, the Surveyor under whose management the portion of the line already constructed proceeded, the manufacturing population has considerably augmented in a proportion which should, in his opinion, admit of gross receipts at the rate of £590 per kilometre (equal to £43,538 for the full length of the line), which, after deducting Debenture interest and amortisation, amounting to £13,658 and 45 per cent. for working expenses (the general average is believed to be 43 per cent.), would yield a dividend of 13 per cent. on Ordinary Shares, with a balance for reserve.

Applications for Shares or Debentures should be made on the Forms enclosed with the Prospectus to any of the Bankers of the Company, accompanied by a cheque for deposit-money.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained of Messrs. Redfern, Alexander, & Co., 3 Great Winchester Street, E.C., and of the Bankers and Solicitors, as well as at the Offices of the Company.

BOOKS, &c.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, AND PUBLISHERS,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS & PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN AMERICA, INDIA, THE COLONIES, AND ABROAD.

Publishers of Mr. Gould's great Ornithological Works.

A MONTHLY CATALOGUE; Specimen Number, post-free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED.—Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. 136 STRAND, W.C., AND 27 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—The following NUMBERS of THE SATURDAY REVIEW are required, for which 1s. each will be given, viz. 1, 2, 15, 16, 20, 26, 30, 36, 39, 43, 47, 50, 53, 56, 59, 62, 65, 68, 71, 74, 77, 80, 83, 86, 89, 92, 95, 98, 101, 104, 107, 110, 113, 116, 119, 122, 125, 128, 131, 134, 137, 140, 143, 146, 149, 152, 155, 158, 161, 164, 167, 170, 173, 176, 179, 182, 185, 188, 191, 194, 197, 200, 203, 206, 209, 212, 215, 218, 221, 224, 227, 230, 233, 236, 239, 242, 245, 248, 251, 254, 257, 260, 263, 266, 269, 272, 275, 278, 281, 284, 287, 290, 293, 296, 299, 302, 305, 308, 311, 314, 317, 320, 323, 326, 329, 332, 335, 338, 341, 344, 347, 350, 353, 356, 359, 362, 365, 368, 371, 374, 377, 380, 383, 386, 389, 392, 395, 398, 401, 404, 407, 410, 413, 416, 419, 422, 425, 428, 431, 434, 437, 440, 443, 446, 449, 452, 455, 458, 461, 464, 467, 470, 473, 476, 479, 482, 485, 488, 491, 494, 497, 500, 503, 506, 509, 512, 515, 518, 521, 524, 527, 530, 533, 536, 539, 542, 545, 548, 551, 554, 557, 560, 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